YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

UNITED NATIONS

Somewhere in India, S Sgt. Bill Hancock, of Rock Hill, S. C., instructs Chinese soldiers in the use of a British Bren gun. *See story on pages 20-21.*

There's No Front Line in New Guinea

SEE PAGE 3

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Deep in the jungles of New Guinea rest the bodies of Japanese who have sampled the effectiveness of the attacking Americans. One of the Yanks is dramatically mirrored in the water as he marches by.

Jungle War

Three of the men who participated in the American victory at Buna are shown at right in a .50-caliber machine gun emplacement. Left to right, Pvt. Lawrence Leishman, of Peoria, Ill.; Cpl. Rodney C. Reimur, of Manitowoc, Wis., and Pvt. Martin Denueli, of Cumberland, Wis. Signal Corps made these photos.

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There's no FRONT LINE in New Guinea

Men of the 32nd Division working a 37-mm gun from the shore of Buna Island.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT THE FRONT IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—Any school kid can tell you that the equator's an imaginary line running around the center of the earth, but all the brains in the world couldn't locate the front line in New Guinea. There just ain't no such thing.

One newcomer, creeping up through the mud to a grimy, sweating Yank in a fox hole, asked the veteran where the front line was.

"We don't fight that way, buddy," was the answer. "There are Japs up ahead but there also may be Japs behind me and I'm sure as hell there's a couple of them a few yards over to the side. We can't be bothered with technicalities like front lines. We just keep looking for Japs, killing them and pushing ahead."

Jungle fighting is all very informal. There are no elaborate sand-bagged trenches, no dug-out living quarters and no fields of barbed wire as there were in France back in 1918. The climate is too blazing hot to go to the trouble of building much more than shallow slit trenches and fox holes. The daily rains would fill up deep trenches. Barbed wire is too heavy; the only way things can be carried here is on your back.

When Americans, Australians and Japs clash, no more than a few dozen men on either side are involved. There's none of that dramatic "over the top" stuff here. Patrols go out every day to feel out the Jap pillboxes and strong points. Then stronger forces come in to knock them out, supported by mortar and light artillery fire.

When the pillboxes and machine-gun nests are gone, more Yanks and Aussies come in to mop up the snipers and occupy the area.

The Yanks, most of them from Wisconsin's thickly wooded country, are beating the Japs with tactics borrowed from America's original fighting men—the Indians. These tactics involve swift, silent movement and sudden thrusts out of the jungles and swamps with the rifle as the basic weapon.

The machine gun has been tried in New Guinea but to little advantage. A handful of light tanks were used by the Aussies in the bitter fight for the Buna air-strip, some of the only relatively open dry ground in the Buna-Gona area. But generally the undergrowth is too thick and the mud too deep to use tanks in many other places.

Few Americans ever went into action with as little equipment as these soldiers carry. Battle-dress seldom consists of more than a helmet, jungle-green uniform, socks, shoes, rifle belt, extra bandoliers of bullets, pockets full of grenades and a rifle or a tommy gun. Packs are brought up only after an area is occupied.

The Japs Pull Some Fast Ones

During these wet, wearying months of jungle warfare, the Yanks have developed a healthy respect for the craftiness of the Japs they seek to kill. The Americans know the Japs as past masters of jungle fighting, as experts at camouflage, fanatics in their courage and magicians at pulling disconcerting tricks in battle. Several nights during the battle for Buna Mission, the Japs played a machine-gun record on a phonograph to draw American fire. Other times they threw rocks at American outposts after dark or shouted, "What's the password?"

If they succeeded in drawing American fire they spotted the rifle or machine-gun flashes and picked off the men who fired.

For signalling each other the Japs often use bird calls. When a lot of bird calls start filling the jungle air, Yanks usually cheep in with a few more just to confuse the issue. On one occasion this caused a Jap to growl in good English, "Shut up, you American bastards."

On patrol an American soldier ducked behind two bushes when Jap bullets whined close to him. Suddenly the bushes started to move. They were Jap observers covered with brush.

Grinning at his good luck, the Yank casually took a grenade from his pocket and tossed it into the bushes as they slowly moved away. In a second the bushes became two very dead Japs.

Truck Driver Nips a Stick Nip

Pfc. William H. Ford, from Port Royal, Ky., had even better luck in outwitting the Japs. A truck driver, he wasn't allowed to go with his buddies when they went out to attack the Japs, and was left behind to guard the CP.

About dusk he saw someone walk out of the jungle toward the CP humming "One Dozen Roses" and wearing a brand new American uniform. The clean uniform puzzled Ford because the swamp and jungle living had ruined every shirt and pair of pants in his outfit.

It was too dark to see the stranger's face under his helmet but Ford got a good look at his feet in the moonlight. Instead of American shoes, there were tiny, split-toe tree-climbing sneakers which only the Japs wear.

"'One Dozen Roses', eh!" Ford yelled. "Well, here's three of 'em for you."

"Don't shoot, American!" the stranger begged but he had hardly got the words out when Ford pumped three M1 slugs into him.

Now Pfc. William H. Ford, former truck driver, is fighting right up front in the informal jungle war where anything can happen and usually does.

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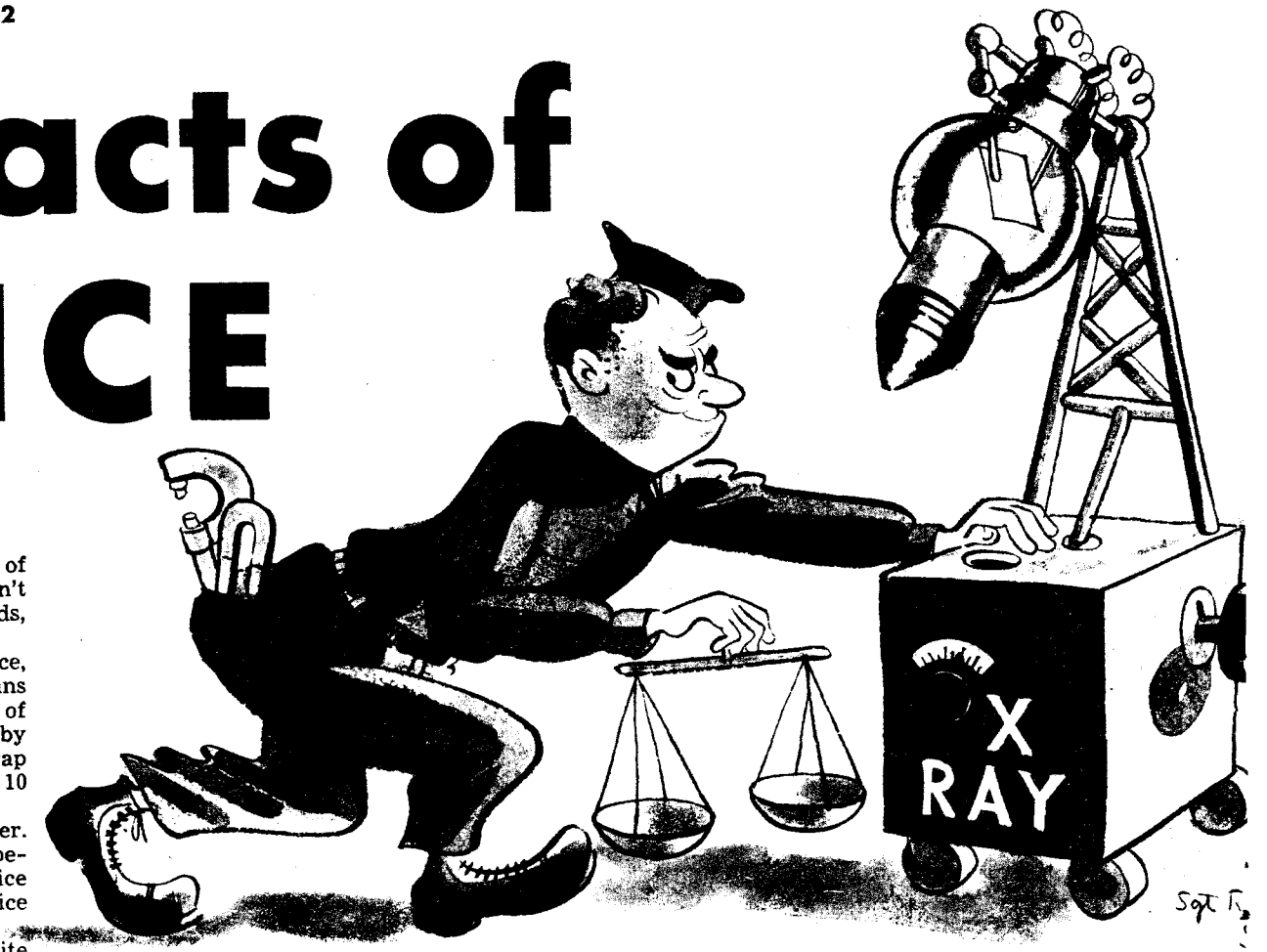
The Facts of DICE



The G.I. who uses scientific methods of detecting crooked dice travels to his games laden like this.

By ALLEN CHURCHILL, Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

HAVE you been losing dough lately in one of those pay-day games? If so maybe it isn't all bad luck. Maybe the bones, or the cards, are being manipulated by experts.

Some soldiers are too handy with a set of dice, and that goes double for some of the civilians who run games in town or near camp. Most of the cheating, according to a recent survey by card expert John Scarne, takes place in crap games. Scarne believes that two out of every 10 Army crap games are crooked.

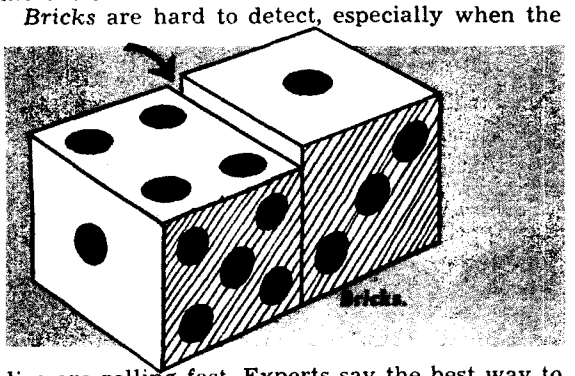
This is true because it's easy to be a hustler. Anyone who doesn't care how he wins can become one. All he needs is a pair of crooked dice and a circle of suckers. Nowadays both the dice and the suckers are easy to come by.

According to Scarne here are the favorite methods of cheating in crap games:

Passers & Missouts are crooked pairs of dice that have been doctored to beat the law of averages. A *Passer* is gaffed to favor making the point. The *Missout* favors missing the point. A shyster who knows which way his dice will come up a majority of the time will show a good margin of profit at the end of the game. Either that or he will be broke, but his confederate will have all the money in sight.

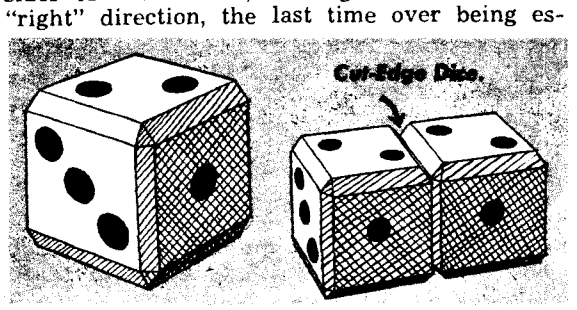
Shapes are the most common forms of *Passers* and *Missouts*. They are dice whose outside surfaces have been altered. *Brick Shapes*, for example, are cubes that have been shaved down on one side so they are no longer perfectly square but are, by the merest hairsbreadth, rectangular or brick-shaped. Though this filed surface may be only 1/1000 of an inch it is enough to change the roll when the ivories begin to gallop. For example a pair of *Bricks* can be shaped into a *Missout* (usually is the case) simply by cutting the cubes down on the 6 and 1 sides. Or they may be made into *Passers* by manicuring the 6-1 on one cube and the 3-4 on the other.

Bricks are hard to detect, especially when the

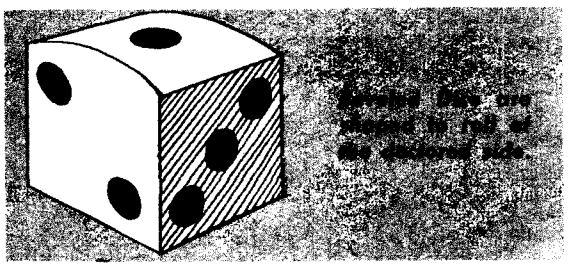


dice are rolling fast. Experts say the best way to spot them is to measure the cubes with a caliper, which you probably don't have. Next best thing to do is place the two cubes side by side on a flat surface. Hold one cube stationary and move the other into all possible positions. If one position turns out like the illustration above (one cube higher than the other) then you start punching.

Cut-Edges are shaved down along the four sides of one surface, making them roll in the "right" direction, the last time over being especially tricky. Here the cubes are likely to roll backwards instead of forward. To catch *Cut-Edges* use the *Brick* test again. This time if one combination of positions makes a little V at the top, it's a V for victory—but not yours.



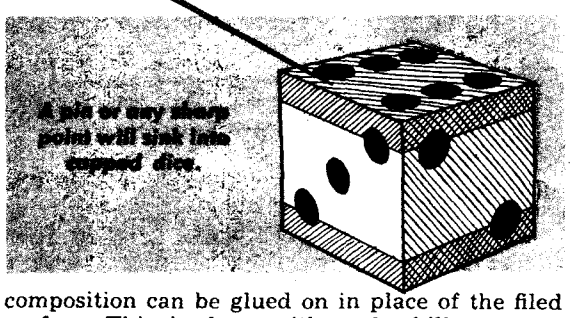
Bevels have been manicured so that one surface is rounded. This bevel causes increased roll, the tendency being to roll over more. Like all



Shapes, the *Bevels* work best on a flat, hard surface.

Now for other brands of doctored dice:

Capped Dice are those that have been shaved way down on one side so that a piece of rubbery

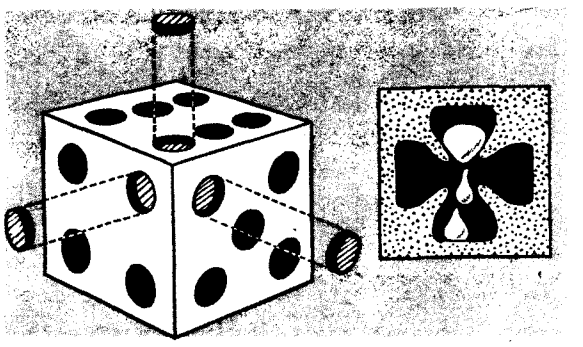


composition can be glued on in place of the filed surface. This is done with such skill that the junction is invisible. Naturally the rubbery sides make the dice bounce instead of roll and the opposite sides come up more often than they should.

Capped Dice are easy to catch. Jab a pin into the sides of the cube in question. If there is capping, the pin will sink into the phony side.

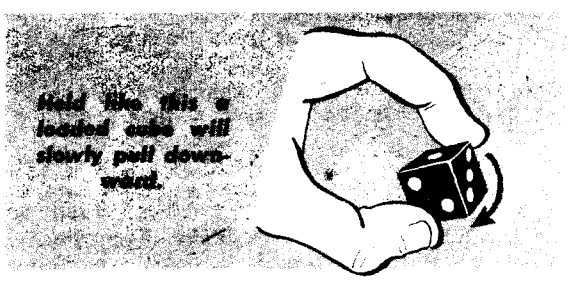
Loaded Dice don't come up to the same combination on each throw as most yardbirds think. Like *Shapes* they favor a certain combination only on a *majority* of rolls. In fact, they are shaped, too, but shaped inside instead of outside.

A lot of G.I.s have been told that if dice are transparent they can't be loaded. The Army has a four-letter word for that. Transparent dice can be loaded simply by drilling the spots on two sides a little deeper, inserting lead, gold or platinum slugs at the bottom of the holes and



filling them up again. Naturally when these are rolled the heavy sides land on the bottom for enough rolls to be profitable. Usually transparent dice are loaded on the 6 and 5 sides, to make small numbers and miss high ones.

Scarne says that the best way to spot *Loaded Dice* is to drop the cubes in a glass of water: if the same number comes up too often, they're loaded. But in case you don't go to crap games with a glass of water in your pocket, try this with a cube you suspect. Hold it loosely between thumb and forefinger at its extreme points and try various positions. If it is loaded, when you get the loaded side on top, the cube will turn



slowly downward. When it begins to move the pressure is unmistakable—and you've been rooked.

Loading of non-transparent dice is easier. Let's take the most obvious example, pictured on the op-

THIS is the first in a series of articles on crooked gambling tricks, prepared for YANK by John Scarne, one of the leading American authorities on gambling and sleight-of-hand, who has just completed a tour of Army camps. On these pages he covers shady crap-shooting. Watch for Scarne's studies of poker, blackjack and confidence games in later issues.

If you have any questions about crooked gambling, mail them to Yeoman Third Class Allen Churchill, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and he will get Scarne to answer them for you. Maybe he won't be able to tell you whether you've been actually cheated but he can tell you what to watch for the next time you run into a smart operator.

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Paste This In Your Hat

BETTING ODDS ON CRAPS

IT'S bad enough to be cheated by the other fellow but why cheat yourself? Yet most craps shooters do. Few of them know anything about odds, and they are always ready to shoot on the odds the other fellow suggests. Recognized odds today are not in favor of the shooter. According to John Scarne, who knows, the following are the correct odds in craps:

AGAINST PASSING

6 to 5 against 6 or 8
3 to 2 against 5 or 9
2 to 1 against 4 or 10
8 to 1 against double 2 or double 5
10 to 1 against double 3 or double 4

ODDS ON THE COME-OUT

35 to 1 against double numbers
17 to 1 against 11
11 to 1 against 4 or 10
8 to 1 against 5 or 9
8 to 1 against crap (2, 3, and 12)
5 to 1 against 7

The only even-money bet that's fair is on fading the shooter. This isn't exactly a fifty-fifty chance, but the percentage of 1.415% against the shooter isn't strong enough to take your shirt.

John Scarne demonstrates the Blanket Roll and other trick shots. This article follows a tour of Army camps where Scarne saw plenty of cheating at craps.

posite page. Here six hollows have been drilled under each surface of the cubes. In the middle, little channels run from one hollow to the other. One of the hollows is filled with mercury, which drains quickly into the hollow closest to the ground. To make his point, the hustler simply sets the dice on the floor just before rolling—"to change his luck"—or he taps the point he wants on a hard surface.

Tops & Bottoms are mis-spotted dice that require skill in sleight of hand to manipulate. They are so obvious, and dangerous, that they can only be whisked into a game for two or three throws and then whisked out again. For the way this is done see the illustration at the end of this article.

At a distance you need a mirror to catch *Tops* and *Bottoms;* the eye can't see three sides of a square at one time. But once you get a mis-spotted dice in your hand there is no mistaking it. There are only three numbers on each cube, and each number appears twice.

What a good hustler can do with a pair of *Tops* would fill a book. *Tops* bearing 2, 4, and 6, for example, will throw out only even numbers. You can get one crap (12) and no 7, which means you do all right.

Any mug can be a crooked dice-hustler. But it takes real art to roll the dice the way you want 'em. The man who can do this has probably practiced it at least two years.

The Blanket Roll, for example, is a favorite with the smart roll boys. This one cleaned up in the last war when it was fairly new. It's still used on rookies who haven't heard of it.

This roll works best on the soft, rough surface of an Army blanket, which accounts for its name. To catch it, watch the way the sharper holds his dice. The *Blanket Roll* calls for the dice to be held in position by thumb and forefinger, as in the picture below. Held this way, the dice can be rattled convincingly, but they don't change position. On the throw, the thumb rolls the dice to the finger ends and they turn end-over-end on the blanket without falling sideways. With the 6 and 1 inside you can't possibly throw a crap.

The Whip Shot is another trick roll that is harder to learn but better to know. The dice are held as in the *Blanket Roll*, but the edge rather than the back of the hand is toward the floor. A downward, whip-like snap makes the dice spin rather than roll, the faces on top staying there. This one needs no blanket.

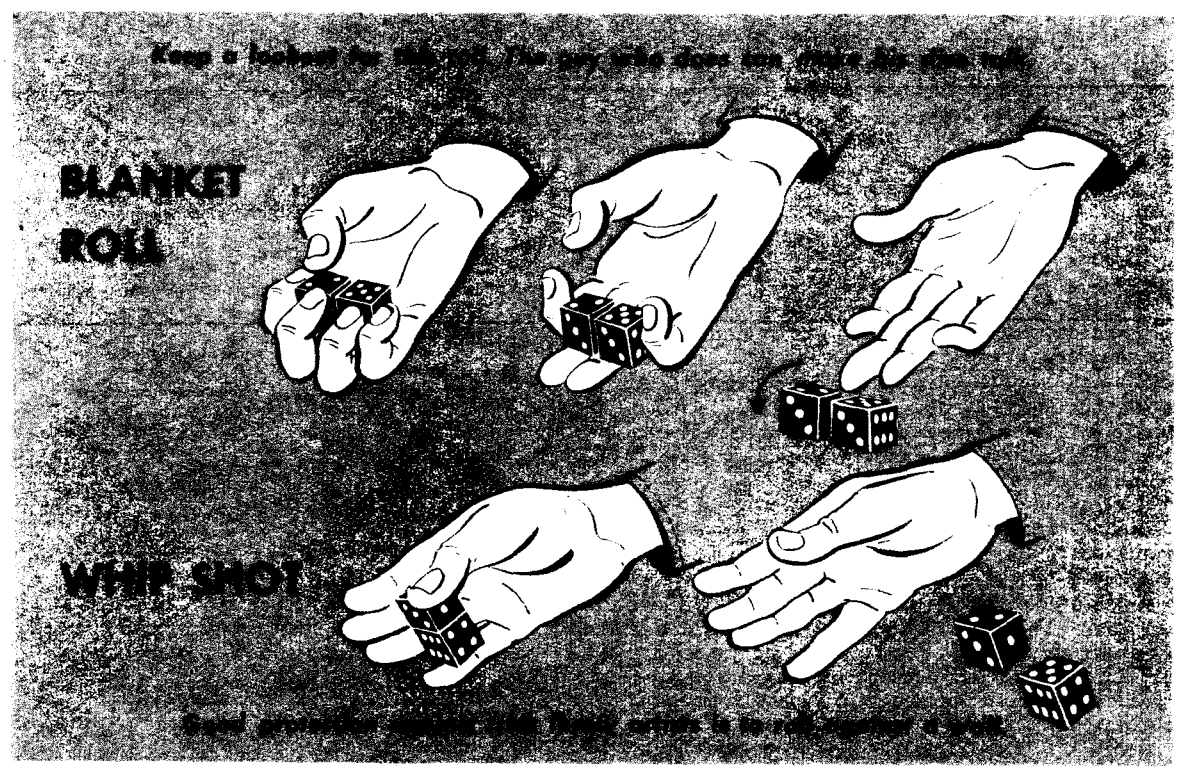
The sleight-of-hand guy is hard to spot; that's why he did all that practicing. Best protection against him is to roll against a wall or board, though some of them have figured this angle, too. But the best protection is to watch for the tricks we have mentioned. We have covered all phases of dice cheating but the magnetic table.

Often small-time cheaters fix their own dice before a game by waxing opposite sides, roughing surfaces or making sides sticky. All these amateur tricks are easy to spot once the dice are in your hands. Don't ever be afraid to pick up the dice and examine them. Hustlers will ridicule you when you do it, but do it anyway.

Next time you roll the ivories do these two things: 1) Keep YANK's list of percentages in mind and 2) look around the circle at the men you are shooting with.

Are any two of them particularly friendly? Hustlers seldom work alone. That would be too obvious if the guy who rolls raked in the money. The hustler usually rolls for a confederate to win. Misdirection, this is called.

In a crap game your best friend is your intuition. Hustlers work so skillfully today that you probably never will catch one in the act of rolling crooked dice. The thing to do is keep your eyes glued on the dice. If they seem to act strangely, or pay off too frequently on certain rolls, pull yourself out of the game while the pulling is good.



Scarne palms the dice, switching a new pair in.

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It's two U. S. sailors with a couple of English Wrens in tow. Skating at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington are (l. to r.) Harris C. Rueger, Pamela G. Walker, Meda MacKeown and Frank Rovery.

New .30-caliber semi-automatic carbine, replacing .45 pistol, is examined by Maj. Gen. C. T. Harris and Capt. Richard Kean.

Yanks at Home Abroad

REPORTS ON RECONNAISSANCE TRIPS IN A 1932 FRENCH TOURING CAR IN TUNISIA, THE 8 O'CLOCK CURFEWS IN IRAN AND MPS IN SOUTH AMERICA

Yes, Junior, Daddy Went to Town and Found Himself 800 Yards Ahead of the U. S. Army

By Sgt. JAMES BURCHARD
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOUTHERN TUNISIA [By Radio]—Some time in the distant future, Junior will climb upon my knee and say, "Pop, I know you were one of those beer-hoisting correspondents in the last war, but did you actually ever see a battle?"

When that emergency arises, I shall not be caught with my britches at half mast. As a participant in the three-day battle for Sened, I shall inform Junior in no uncertain terms that he's looking at a real powder-pocked veteran. I shall drag out an ancient .45 and tell my curious offspring that it once barked—futilely perhaps—at a dive-bombing Stuka. I shall also reveal that my closest call was not from shot and shell. It resulted from the magnificent disdain of a fellow correspondent named John Jarvie, a red-nosed Scotchman who writes deathless epics for Australian newspapers.

On the particular Sunday morning that our armored division rolled to the attack, Jarvie was sleeping off a mild jag in his 1932 Bugatti. I awakened him a couple of hours after the crack of dawn, and soon we were in the French car speeding toward the front at all of 18 miles an hour.

It was an impressive sight. Tanks, gun-studded half-tracks, scout cars, artillery and infantry were spread out all over the valley. All of them were rolling over the 30-mile road toward Sened, a dismal little joint that just had to be captured to continue advancing to the east. Undoubtedly, a first-class battle was in the making.

With both front wheels out of line, the Bugatti made steady progress forward. About noon Sened was in sight. Many strafed American vehicles, victims of MEs and Stukas, were on the road. The German planes employed their favorite tactics of zooming out of the sun. Nine Stukas got in a solid lick and the MEs blew up a couple of half-tracks, one scout car and smacked a motorcyclist in the belly. One half-track gunner continued firing his 50 despite shrapnel through his left foot.

But no German planes bothered our Bugatti. Even the altitude couldn't disguise the fact that our prehistoric conveyance wasn't worth a single burst.

Two miles from Sened, the great Australian correspondent broke the silence. He stopped the car and addressed an American sergeant.

"Is the town ours?" he asked.

Evidently the sergeant couldn't understand Jarvie's strange mixture of English, Scotch and Australian because he nodded his head politely. Jarvie nodded back and remarked, "The American tanks have done their job. Let us advance into town and observe the carnage. My readers will enjoy an eyewitness account."

Again we advanced. German 88s were shelling a bit too close to the road, so Jarvie turned off. A mile from Sened, I noticed that we seemed to be all alone about a half mile ahead of the American armored column, but I had no fear. All we had to do was drive into Sened and see what our victorious tanks had done.

Suddenly queer spurts of dirt appeared beside the car. I turned to Jarvie and said, "There must be a lot of field mice in these parts."

Jarvie, who had been a machine-gunner in the last war, took one look. Then he jammed on the brakes, shouting, "Them ain't field mice, them's machine-gun bullets."

Just about this time mortar shells began exploding on our right flank, and we lit out. Jarvie, a remarkable sprinter for his 52 years, made for the hills. I retreated straight to the rear, finally establishing contact with the reconnaissance car that was leading the armored unit.

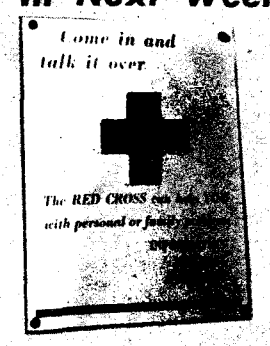
"How come they've got so much fire power when our tanks have taken the town?" I demanded.

"You halfwit," the reconnaissance commander said, "we haven't taken the town yet. You and that other fool were leading the American attack by 800 yards. You ran over a German minefield as well. How you're alive is something I'll never understand."

But I was lucky. In the foothills a scout car chief mistook Jarvie for a one-man suicide patrol. He tossed one shot at my old pal, but then held fire when the platoon radio cautioned, "Don't shoot; he may be an artillery observer."

I did not see Jarvie again that day. When it became dark the planes and artillery folded up and we went to sleep in fox holes. The second day Stukas and artillery dominated the show. Our 105s tossed a thousand rounds at the enemy

In Next Week's YANK . . .



YOUR WIFE NEEDS MONEY FOR FOOD AND RENT?

But you're in Africa and that allotment hasn't gone through channels yet. What can you do? Read in next week's YANK how the Red Cross solves personal problems at home for servicemen overseas.

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Bombs from American Flying Fortresses fall on Wilhelmshaven, Germany, to blast locks and dock yards.

positions. Twenty-four Stukas retaliated by blasting hell out of the advancing infantry.

On the third day our gang moved into Sened, the score card showing that we'd knocked down 15 enemy planes, blasted a dozen tanks and taken 90-odd prisoners. Then for strategic reasons we moved out of Sened after mopping up everything in sight.

I'll never return to the front with Jarvie again. I'd be afraid he'd drive that Bugatti right into Berlin and ask some Nazi general for directions to the Wilhelmstrasse. For a guy who drives over minefields, through machine-gun and artillery fire and Stuka raids, a jaunt to Berlin would be a picnic.

Anyway, Junior, your Pop did see a real battle.

MPs Know What's Good for You If You Tipple in British Guiana

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA—U.S. Army MPs in this British colonial town take good care of G.I.s who go out in search of quiet relaxation. They have the habit of stopping soldiers who have had a few drinks and inviting them up to MP headquarters for a friendly prophylactic.

A private from the Air Force at Waller Field came down here as a rolling-skating specialist to entertain the men at Atkinson Field. During his stay he visited Georgetown for a few British rum punches. After the third one he decided to get some air.

He hadn't gone half a block when an MP stopped him and whipped him off to the station for a pro before he could say, "Antilles Air Task Force."

The private walked out mopping his brow and walked around the corner into the arms of another MP, who looked him over suspiciously and said, "You better come with me, Bud."

"No, thanks," the private protested. "I just had one."

But the MP wouldn't take no for an answer. The visitor had to return to the station for a repeat performance. Then he took to the side streets to get back to his hotel but, sure enough, he was grabbed again under the first street light and hustled back to the prophylactic room for the third time.

"You musta been out in the jungles a long time," remarked the medical department attendant who was beginning to get tired of the whole thing.

"I tried to tell them I was innocent and a family man who wouldn't think of such a thing," the private explained. "But they wouldn't listen to me."

Finally he had to request an MP escort to protect him from other MPs. Once inside his hotel room, he locked the door, pulled the covers over his head and waited breathlessly for the first morning boat back to Atkinson Field.

—YANK Field Correspondent

First G.I. Report From Iran: It's Cold, Expensive and Strange

SOMEWHERE IN IRAN—If there's any truth to the old proverb, "Early to bed, early to rise," G.I.s in Iran (Persia to you) are going to be mighty healthy, wealthy and wise. Reason: there's an 8 o'clock curfew that sends the sidewalks scurrying out of sight, closes the bistros and cabarets, and drives the dogfaces to bed.

Only catch in the formula is that one about getting wealthy. Prices here are high, and wealthy is one thing you're not likely to be after even a short spell in this self-styled "Little Paris of the East." Food is high, board is high, cigarettes are high, feminine companionship is high; and drinks are so high that the average U. S. soldier below the rank of a brigadier general has a hell of a job getting high himself.

A pack of any one of the leading U. S. brands of cigarettes costs 80 cents on the black market. And the black market is about the only place where American cigarettes may be bought.

Customs and living conditions, trying to approximate the European or American, are strange. The curfew is only one example. Language is another. Iranian is the local lingo. French and, in some instances, Polish and Russian are spoken. English is rarely used except by G.I.s and graduates of the Presbyterian American University.

Currency is in Iranian *rials* and is complicated by a division into technically nonexistent units known as *toumains*. A *rial* is roughly 3 cents and a *toumain* is 10 *rials*. Most Yanks master the system after a few days of costly experimentation. The trouble with the *rial* as a unit is that the G.I. is used to thinking in terms of 1 cent. Suddenly faced with a 3-cent basis for his folding money, extravagance becomes rife. By the time he wises up nothing is rife.

Folding money is the proper term here, for all values except the half *rial* are issued in banknotes scaling from 5 to 10 to 20 to 50 to 100 and so on up. The half *rials* are coins and are used mostly for change-making or tipping. If a G.I. produces a 1000-*rial* note in public he is in danger of being swamped by solicitous citizens anxious to advise him how best to get rid of it.

There is no girl shortage, and the girls like the G.I.s. The language difficulty is a slight barrier but love laughs at linguists as well as locksmiths.

Transportation is by *droshky* and the *droshky* driver is far and away the least cooperative citizen. He seldoms attempts to understand the G.I. To "how much?" he responds with an agonizingly sad roll of his eyes. And whatever note is given him in payment, he reacts in the same sad way. A guy susceptible to this dramatic acting would part with the greater portion of his base pay.

Streets are wide and traffic menaces include American cars as well as *droshkies* and goats and camels. Parking is in the center of the street, leaving plenty of room on either side for the Iranian Army which is strong on marching.

The Iranian soldier wears a very classy yellow uniform; the higher the rank the classier the duds. Officers carry swords. Iranians are good horsemen and a body of Iranian cavalry passing by is quite a sight. They've got swords *and* rifles. The infantry marches to the tune of a flute.

Billets for Americans range from Army barracks to hotels. Most of them have taught the G.I.s that the old familiar straddle-trench was a luxury. A simple hole punched in the floor is considered ample here. The latrine rumor is dying out as a result. No one wants to hang around long enough to start one.

There is skiing available less than an hour away from the city—but there's a catch to it. They don't rent skis and what skis there are for sale are prohibitive.

Entertainment isn't too bad in spite of the early curfew. The cabarets simply run their dancing and floor shows earlier to conform. There are five-year-old American movies, and softball and basketball. There are occasional soccer matches between British and Iranian teams. These are well attended by Iranian, British and U. S. soldiers ranging in rank from buck private to the Iranian King of Kings. Feeling runs high and all that is needed to create a reasonable facsimile of an American football game is a sextette of co-ed cheerleaders.

Iran is cold and expensive and strange. But at that it's far from being the worst place in the world to soldier.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

If you recognize these gents send them some mail. They are all from Rhode Island and have lost touch with their friends so they formed this mail trust to solve their problem. They can be reached at 98th Bomb. Gr., APO 683, c/o PM, N. Y. Front row, left to right: **Cpl. Herbert S. Haggas, Pfc. Joe Farina, Cpl. Aime LePage, Sgt. Vincent Catallozzi, Sgt. Nick Mainelli.** Top row, left to right: **Sgt. Euclide G. Letourneau, T/Sgt. Harold J. Wiberg, T/Sgt. William Butterman, S/Sgt. Francis P. DaSilva, Cpl. Harry Whewell.**

Colizza

Jared

Alexander

M/Sgt. Adolph Colizza, stationed in India, wants to say "top of the mornin'" to Sgt. Jack Lenihan, his old buddy at Camp Blanding who is now somewhere in North Ireland. . . . From India, **Sgt. Jerry Jared** sends "hello and lots of luck" to his kid brother, Mickey Jared, F3c, somewhere in the Pacific. . . . **M/Sgt. James W. Alexander,** India, sends "regards from Dutch and myself" to W/O Lionel Edwards, formerly of Mitchel Field, and Sgt. William Vaughan, once at MacDill Field.

Kramer

Lowrey

De Gennaro

Pvt. Jack Kramer's message from England to his brother, an aerial machine gunner in Miami, is: "Why don't you write more often, Henry?" . . . **T/Sgt. Charles A. Lowrey,** England, obviously hasn't heard from Sgt. Oswell O. Oliver, as he says, "Come on, jar loose, Oswell. Don't be a heel all your life." . . . **Pvt. Joseph De Gennaro,** England, a father since he's been away, wants his brother Patsy to visit New York and hear what sage things his child has to say.

Lindower

Yarema

Martin

Pfc. Charles Lindower, Alaska, to Pvt. Herbert Lippman, Australia: "Wrote you September. Still waiting for reply. Lou Adis is nearby." . . . **Sgt. Yarema,** from his desk in the spark chamber on board a transport in Aleutian waters, to T/Sgt. George Medziak: "No chance to pound brass anymore. Lots of 73s, though." . . . **John Martin SM2c,** from a rolling boat deck in the Aleutians to Tom Bobo SM3c: "Tell the boys to keep in touch. We'll have a reunion with pretzels."

MESSAGE CENTER

Will **Pvt. Peter A. Mason's** four brothers get in touch with him at Btry. 1, 214 CA (AA), APO 502, c/o PM San Francisco, Calif.? . . . **Pfc. Harry Gillespie,** Btry. A, 203 CA (AA), APO 944, c/o PM, Seattle, Wash., wants to hear from his brother, Jessie, and men from Canton, N. C. . . . **Pvt. Harry Trout,** 83rd Gen. Hospital, Camp White, Oreg., wants to hear from his cousin, **Pvt. Charles P. Morris** stationed at an air base in India. . . . **Pfc. Lincoln L. Davis,** Co. C, 8th Inf., APO 4, Camp Gordon, Augusta, Ga., wants to know if **Cpl. Ardovino** whose cartoon appeared in YANK Dec. 30 is any relation of the Ardovino family he knew in Yonkers, N. Y. . . . **Sgt. Maurice Jenkinson,** 730th Ord. Co., Camp Blanding, Fla., sends greetings to his brother Bill and the men in an ordnance company in England.

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Rommel Fights to Gain Time for Hitler

Hemmed in on three sides in Tunisia, the Nazis have nothing to win except delay of European invasion but that's enough to keep them fighting until their last man goes down.

THE battle for Tunisia will be a fight to the finish. G.I.s who are meeting Rommel's blitzkrieg tactics for the first time in North Africa know this now. Hitler and his general staff have known it all along. With the fall of Tunisia, Germany's European fortress begins to topple.

Time is the one big objective of the bloody North African struggle. Invasion of Europe is scheduled for this year, and the jumping off place for the Allies is North Africa.

Maj. George Fielding Eliot, the war analyst, said: "If he (Rommel) can throw the American forces back with such heavy losses that they cannot immediately resume their pressure on his flank, he then will be free to deal with the Eighth Army in its turn, and will have a far better chance of prolonging his tenure of the Mareth positions and the east coast ports. Eventually he will have to give them up as he well knows, but we must never forget that in Tunisia the Germans are playing chiefly for time. The longer they can keep us fighting in Africa, the longer it will be before we can develop offensive operations elsewhere. The German high command no longer expects to win this war. Its one remaining hope is to wear us down, to prolong the agony until for very weariness we give the Axis a peace which will enable it to retain the nucleus of power essential to a comeback later on."

Americans Are Driven Back

Rommel made his lightning thrusts by striking through Faid Pass. Fanning his armored columns north and south, he drove the Americans back to hill positions beyond Feriana, Thelepte, Kasserine and Sbeitla. Three valuable American airfields were lost to the enemy. In the north, the Americans abandoned their positions in the Ousseltia Valley and retired into the mountains to the west. This move straightened the lines with those to the south and gave the Allies command of the valley with the British holding the gap to the south of it.

Stalling for a short breather, Rommel then drove through Kasserine Gap with the obvious intention of taking Tebessa, American advance base just inside the Algerian border. If he was successful in capturing Tebessa, he would come into possession of immense quantities of supplies and material.

Allied losses were high as a result of this push. Important rail and road communications were lost; supply bases and airfields were captured. According to the German High Command, 3,000 Allied prisoners were taken, 125 heavy tanks, 50 big guns and more than 40 armored cars.

German Army Flanked by Allies

This was the dark side of the picture. The bright side was the fact that Field Marshal Rommel and Col. Gen. von Arnim commanded an army that was hemmed in against the sea by enemy forces on all sides.

Troops of the British First Army were on the north flank; American, British and French troops extended across the front to the west; the British Eighth Army was advancing on the German southern flank.

Medenine, outpost on the Mareth fortifications line, was evacuated by the Germans and occupied by Gen. Montgomery's seasoned desert fighters. They also occupied Foum Tatahouine, another fortified town on the Mareth line, 35 miles south.

While the Germans retired behind the line and dug themselves in, British heavy artillery smashed at the fortifications, and detachments of the Eighth Army attempted to outflank the line to the south.

Supply lines occupied the attention of Allied leaders as much as any other factor. Here the Axis has the edge. It is only a little more than 100 miles from Tunis to Sicily, main Axis supply base; 350 miles from Bizerte to Naples; 300 miles from Sicily to Gabes through which Rommel is supplied.

The Allies have a much greater problem. Gibraltar is 3,685 miles from New York, 1,467 miles to Liverpool. From Gibraltar it is still 297 miles to Oran and 494 miles to Algiers over muddy terrain and precipitous mountain passes to the front. Gen. Montgomery has a supply line extending overland and by coastal shipping from Cairo and Alexandria, more than 1,500 miles distant.

Allied planes and submarines, however, continued to harass the short Axis supply lines and bases. Prime Minister Churchill reported that one-fourth to one-third of all Axis shipping in the Mediterranean had been sunk, while terrific raids continued on Naples, Sardinia and Sicily.

Meanwhile effects of the present fighting on Spanish Morocco were being carefully watched by the Allies. To the rear of Gen. Eisenhower's American forces, Franco has anywhere from 150,000 to 250,000 troops stationed in the Spanish colony. Trained by Germans, who are still in command, the troops, mostly natives, are excellent fighters and loyal to their officers.

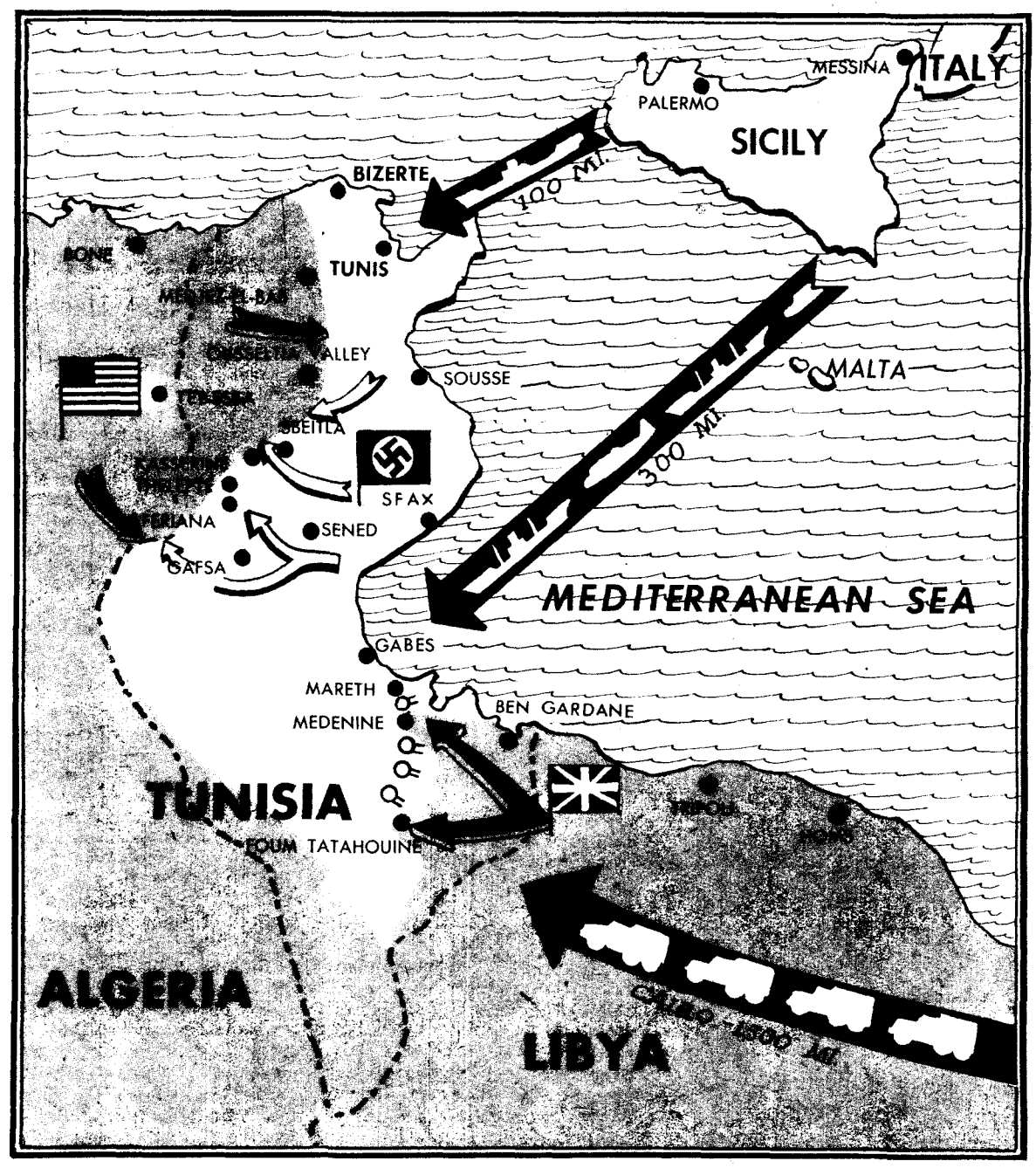
According to Prime Minister Churchill, there are 250,000 Axis troops in Tunisia, and while he did not disclose the number of Allied troops on the fighting front, he did say that 500,000 men had been landed in North Africa.

Preliminaries to the showdown fight cost the Axis heavily, too. Losses in the air were 645 Axis planes downed, 260 Allied planes.

Stalling Us Off Nazis' Only Hope

Allied victory will not be gotten cheaply. But as the Axis forces pushed past green American troops and badly equipped French troops, Rommel gained no lasting advantage. Allied positions in the hills are much stronger than they were before. Rommel is still in the position of being trapped between two armies, outgunned and outnumbered. With the British Eighth Army nipping at his heels from the southern flank, he doesn't dare extend his lines too far into the hills toward Algeria.

No matter how you cut it, the Germans are fighting a desperate but losing battle in the Mediterranean. The most they can do is delay Hitler's evil day.



Driving through Kasserine Gap, Rommel's armored columns threaten Tebessa, Allied advance base and supply depot. Attempting to widen his theater of operations in central Tunisia and also separate the Allied forces, Rommel's extended lines are vulnerable to attack by the British Eighth Army coming in on his flank. Short Axis supply lines give Rommel an advantage.

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When a sailor gets into trouble down in Puerto Rico, he usually goes to see Father Cunningham.

CHAPLAIN

Navy Sky Pilot

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—When a couple of hundred sailors are stranded here without pay for six weeks, waiting for their ships to return from convoy duty, it doesn't take them long to get their hands on folding money. "Let's find this Father Cunningham," somebody in the crowd says. "A guy in Jamaica told me about him. He'll fix us up."

When the chief petty officers at the huge Naval Air Station wanted to set up a bar in their new social club nobody gave it a second thought. "Just let Father Cunningham handle it," one of the chiefs said.

It's the same way when a marine is having girl trouble or a metalsmith second class gets in a jam with the shore patrol or the glee club needs its piano tuned. The man who handles all these problems is one of the most popular and best known navy celebrities in the Caribbean.

His full name is James F. Cunningham and he's a Paulist missionary from Waterbury, Conn., who used to cover a 7,000-square-mile parish in the hills of Tennessee with an altar mounted on a trailer before he took off his Roman collar two years ago and joined the Navy.

His Day Is Busy and Varied

Now he wears the khaki working uniform of a lieutenant commander and occupies the chaplain's office off the library in the the Naval Air Station recreation hall at San Juan. But nobody ever uses his official title and the hundreds of sailors whom he calls by their first names don't think of him as a chaplain.

The other day, for instance, he was getting out the latest edition of the *San Juan Breeze*, the Naval Air Station's journal of opinion, gossip, basketball and bowling-league standings. At the same time he was helping the athletic and recreation officer arrange a Saturday program, which starts off at 1 P. M. with a conference basketball game between the Naval Air Officers and the Ordnance Department, continues through two more games in the afternoon and then, at 7, involves the station's varsity five and an Army team from the post at San Juan. When the smoke clears after the final whistle, there is a concert by the Naval Air Station band for a half hour. Then the auditorium lights go out for a showing of the latest Lana Turner movie. By that time, Father Cunningham and the A. and R. officer, Lt. E. R. Bowman, are exhausted but their work isn't done. There is still another movie, a midnight show beginning at 11 and running until 1 A. M. "We put on the midnight show to bring the drunks back from town early," Father Cunningham explains.

It isn't everybody who could get as much as $13,000 at a crack from the finance office to pay sailors separated from their ships, as he does almost every week. "Well, maybe it does take a little diplomacy but not much," he says. "But you have to do something when you see these guys coming ashore for the first time in months with no pay in their pockets."

When he isn't involved with the *San Juan Breeze*, the recreation hall or the disbursing office, the *Padre*, as he is known all over Puerto Rico, can usually be found in the hospital calling off bingo numbers and throwing in a dollar or two from his own pocket to make a game more interesting. Or supervising the reconstruction of his Santa Barbara Chapel. The chapel is an old Spanish powder magazine built here in 1770. He points to the old Spanish sentry boxes in the corners of the wall. "We're making these into confessionals," he says.

Changing the sentry boxes into confessionals may do away with the green-and-white sign reading "Confessions Now Being Heard" which the *Padre* hangs on the door of his office when he hasn't time to hear them in the chapel. It didn't take the sailors long to discover that the sign kept people out of Father Cunningham's office and they took to hanging it on the door and retiring inside during his absence when they wanted peace and privacy for love letter-writing or some other important personal work.

Father Cunningham receives a customer at his office in the Naval Air Station.

"One time we were having a hog-calling contest here," Father Cunningham says. "And one of the boys wanted a quiet place to rehearse. He sneaked into this office and hung the sign on the door. It so happened that a lieutenant commander came to see me about some business that day. He stopped outside when he saw the sign, but as he was turning away he heard the hog-caller inside, yelling his head off.

"The next day, the lieutenant commander met me and said that he had accidentally overheard one of my confessions. 'They certainly are noisy,' he added. 'What kind of penance do you give these guys?'"

Father Cunningham's *San Juan Breeze* is one publication from a chaplain's office that is read from cover to cover. That's because even the editorials on chastity are written in realistic terms that make sense to the toughest sailor.

The most popular feature of the *Breeze* is the *Cosmic Eye*, a racy, outspoken gossip column that puts the rap on everybody in the Navy Air Station. Here are some typical *Cosmic Eye* items:

"McLaughlin's gal is called Sanka by the boys because she never keeps anyone awake nights."

"The Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde of the Shore Patrol drinks at the Sirocco bar and doubles up at the Puerto Rican Hotel. You should be more careful, Mr. Hyde. Alcohol and ammunition don't mix."

"Lemons Who Should Be Squeezed: That Marine sentry who struck the sailor over the head with his club. He made a strategic approach from the rear which caught his victim completely off guard."

Naturally, the *Cosmic Eye* brings plenty of complaints and threats from the people it sees in its crystal ball. But none of the threats are carried very far. The injured party soon discovers that the author is a Navy cook named Finbar McCarry, who also happens to be light heavyweight boxing champion of the fleet.

Lightens His Labors With Humor

Father Cunningham would never be able to hold down his job here if it were not for his sense of humor. He can always manage to get off a crack that makes the sailors see the funny side of the hardships of overseas duty. A machinist with a sad face stopped him in a hangar one day and growled, "I got a beef, *Padre*—370 bucks back pay and they won't give it to me."

"You're Clancy, aren't you?" asked the chaplain.

"Yeah."

"Well, anybody with a name like Clancy who lets that Orangeman in the personnel office do him out of 370 smackeroos gets no sympathy from me. Besides, what are you kicking about? A guy over in the defense battalion was telling me this morning that his wife back in Arkansas just presented him with twins and he hasn't been home in two years."

Clancy walked away laughing and feeling much better about life in general.

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NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

Alabama has met double its quota of physicians for the armed services, won't have a quota this year, State Health Officer B. F. Austin announced. More than 2,500 persons were to be enrolled in training classes for workers at the new airplane modification plant in Birmingham. Federal officials approved a $7,500 improvement project at Birmingham municipal airport. Birmingham's traffic rules will be revised to conserve tires and gasoline. Alabama oversubscribed its $589,000 USO quota $161,000.

ARIZONA

Orders freezing 55,000 Arizona war workers in their jobs forbade employees to quit or employers to fire them except with War Manpower Commission approval. Phoenix cracked down on drunken driving. Authorities revealed 40,000 persons have come to the Phoenix area since the war began. Twenty-seven Negro soldiers were tried by court martial at Phoenix for participation in a street riot. Mrs. Kathryn Duffy Williams, wife of Dr. Henry G. Williams, was killed in an auto accident at Phoenix.

ARKANSAS

Four Levy policemen were indicted in Pulaski County for alleged brutality and mistreatment of prisoners. The University of Arkansas Medical School was said to be slated for Army supervision. American Legionnaires of Arkansas raised $700,000 to buy a bomber. The legislature banned sales of wine and beer on Sunday, cut cities and counties in on sales tax revenue, and considered a bill to increase teachers' salaries from an average of $584 to $706 a year. The Mamelle Ordnance Works was awarded the Army-Navy "E."

CALIFORNIA

Dr. Lynn White Jr. became president of Mills College, succeeding Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt. A monkey in the San Francisco zoo tried to become dictator; fellow monkeys ganged up on him and tossed him in a moat. San Francisco traffic experts will use Van Ness Avenue in experiments to eliminate traffic bottle-necks. Mrs. Edith White Lane, arrested in Oakland on a charge of drunkenness, admitted she'd been wanted since 1931 for murder in Washington, D. C. At San Diego, something went wrong with a bakery mixer; the dough began to rise, pushed out a wall and went into a street, blocking traffic.

FLORIDA

The third annual Southeastern Fat Stock Show was held at Ocala. The Shipworkers Trade and Labor union, independent, defeated the CIO union for representation of Miami Shipbuilding Corp. workers. Five more Miami hotels were taken over by the Navy; 1,000 evicted guests, many forced out of other hotels, prepared to move again. Dade County's bean and tomato crops suffered $4,000,000 damage in an unprecedented freeze and damage was widespread throughout the state. The Danceteria in Miami was raided again; nine employees were arrested, charged with disorderly conduct. Florida traffic deaths dropped from 70 in January 1942 to 38 in January 1943.

Playing Hard to Get

St. Joseph, Mo.—The marriage license bureau here was compelled to turn down the application of a 50-year-old groom-to-be. He wanted to leave a blank space for the bride's name. Said he had several candidates in mind.

ILLINOIS

Pennoyer school, at Higgins Road and Canfield Avenue in Chicago, was 102 years old. A $50,000 fire at the General Furniture Co. on West Chicago Avenue tied up "L" traffic. A Chicago policeman, Lynn Scott, was charged with stealing 3,400 gas ration books. Illinois had a record surplus of $53,444,229 in its state treasury. Andalusia citizens were indignant at plans for a nudist colony nearby. Charles Knapp was cited for valor and given the Purple Heart at Morristown for action 44 years ago in the Philippines.

INDIANA

The administration building and two dormitories burned at Evansville Hospital, causing a loss of $2,000,000; 1,200 patients were evacuated, one woman was killed and another is missing. A night clerk and guests at the Riley hotel in Indianapolis were stick-up victims. Fire damaged the Greencastle Daily *Banner* plant. The body of 9-year-old Henry Metz Jr. was recovered from the canal in Indianapolis. The Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier left the faculty of St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, to become head chaplain at St. Rose Convent, LaCrosse, Wis. Charles A. Wood was chosen as mayor of Delphi to succeed C. Clay Pearson, resigned. Will R. Puckett, 64, was convicted at Lafayette of the murder of his "mail order" wife.

IOWA

The legislature cut 1943 and 1944 income tax payments in half and killed a local option liquor bill. Alonza Good, stereotyper, and his wife were charged at Sioux City with counterfeiting. William A. Broquist, Des Moines, was named president of the Iowa Retail Hardware Association. The State Liquor Control Commission blamed hoarders for the liquor shortage, promised adequate supplies. Iowa colleges have lost 1,200 students and 128 faculty members to the war effort; 12 colleges have turned over parts of their campuses for war training.

KANSAS

The Beech Aircraft Co. at Wichita and the AFL Machinists' Union agreed on a new pay scale. Walter Ray Severns and his wife were charged at Wichita with the murder of Severns' 8-year-old niece, Inez Viola Burling; mob violence was threatened. The legislature killed a bill to end Kansas' income tax and whittled down authority of the state social welfare board. J. K. Dirks was named president of the Wichita City Teachers' Association. Clayde Carpenter, 18, was killed in a rock slide at Sedan. Gov. Schoeppel appointed Sallie O. Athearn of Winfield probate judge of Cowley County. The Independent Gasoline Distributors Association elected George Betz president at Wichita. Carl Brown, editor of the Atchison *Globe*, died.

LOUISIANA

Fire caused $50,000 damage to the old Citizens Bank and Trust Co. building at New Orleans. Tulane graduated 80 seniors and Loyola 105; most will enter the armed services. Mayor Maestri of New Orleans ordered speedier trials for prostitutes. At Baton Rouge, State Senator D. Y. Smith of Sterlington was named director of the State Highway Department. Louisiana's first State Guard company was organized. Muskrat pelts rose in price to $1.33 2/3. The population of Lake Charles has increased 50 per cent in two years. In New Orleans, Waldo Angelo threw a pan of hot grease in Albert Lott's face when Lott called Angelo a Jap. Twenty farmers' cooperatives organized a state council at Baton Rouge.

MAINE

The Maine Public Utilities Commission ordered all Aroostook County stores closed on Wednesdays to conserve electric energy after low streams caused a power shortage. Seven persons died when fire swept a house used as a home for state wards at Augusta. Maine shipped potatoes to the Pacific Coast for the first time. At August, 500 women enlisted for an eight-week course in airplane mechanics to be given at Eastport.

MARYLAND

A $350,000 fire swept the Central Chemical Co. plant at Hagerstown. Judge Eugene O'Dunne took under advisement charges that Americus (Slim) Pavese, former operator of the Band Box night club in Baltimore, accepted $22,000 of bank robbery loot. W. Royston Smith, Hagerstown businessman, was fined $1,000 and costs for evading income tax payments from 1937 to 1940. Parishoners at Baltimore's Woodberry Church of the Brethren sought an injunction to prevent installation of a new preacher.

MASSACHUSETTS

Springfield schools closed two weeks for ration registration. Snowstorms cut attendance at town meetings in Western Massachusetts to record lows. Dr. Harry J. Sagansky was convicted at Cambridge of conspiracy to bribe Malden aldermen. A $50,000 fire destroyed the 100-year-old Odd Fellows building at Ashland, injuring eight firemen. Ex-Mayor John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald of Boston attacked the "bureaucracy" of the national administration on his 80th birthday. Two hundred employees of the Fisk plant of the U. S. Rubber Co. at Springfield each contributed a pint of blood in a mass donation to the Red Cross.

MICHIGAN

Michigan remained part eastern war time, part central war time, after many communities declined to turn clocks back an hour. The First National Bank at Mt. Clemens canceled a $13.75 debt of a soldier in the Southwest Pacific, who'd written he was too busy killing Japs to pay. Seven persons were injured at Detroit when a gas-tank truck exploded in a Lincoln Park garage.

MISSISSIPPI

Nineteen long-term convicts escaped from Parchman Prison; three were caught. Thomas L. Bailey, ex-Gov. "Mike" Conner and Lester Franklin are candidates for governor. Jimmy Thompson, state executioner frequently arrested on post-electrocution sprees, was fired by Gov. Johnson. OPA and the U. S. Agriculture Department granted growers in Covington, Simpson, Smith and Yalobusha Counties permission to raise watermelons. Sale of wine and beer was prohibited in Long Beach. Luther Lee Cooper was electrocuted at Magnolia for killing his wife.

MISSOURI

A St. Louis relief client killed a workhouse guard at a relief station. A proposal was made to consolidate the Missouri Confederate Home at Higginsville, which has a staff of 34 to care for 18 inmates, with the Federal Soldiers' Home at St. James. Police Capt. Tom Wren, 51, of anti-gambling fame, died at St. Louis. The *Union Press*, a labor paper at St. Louis, folded with $5,000 in unpaid debts. A three-day marriage bill, requiring health certificates before issuance of marriage licenses, passed the House.

Helene Reynolds of Hollywood made a war dress out of burlap; cost, 10 cents. Shades of Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae!

MONTANA

WAAC recruiting officers mailed literature to every person in the Butte city directory and caused many a red male face. The Owl Tire and Sales Co. in Butte sued the OPA and local officials for $200,000 after being harged with tire sale irregularities. A bill to legalize gambling was killed by the legislature.

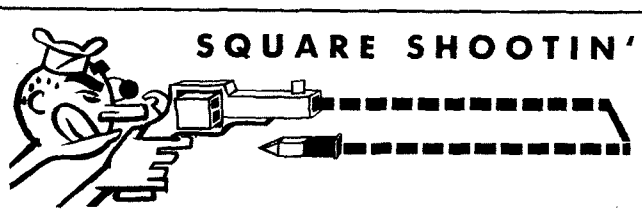
NEVADA

The Reno bus lines asked a 1-cent fare increase. Employees of Reno's street, sewer and park departments asked civil service protection and pay increases. Fire destroyed the Reno racetrack clubhouse and the adjoining Vihlene Aeronautical School plant. At Las Vegas, The Meadows, once famous night club, later a rooming house, was razed by fire. The Ely County board of agriculture protested importation of Japanese labor. Snow and water conditions in the Sierras promised an ample water supply for the Reno area.

NEW JERSEY

After three city officials had been indicted on conspiracy charges, editors of the Hudson *Dispatch* and the *Jersey Journal* at Bayonne were ordered in court to tell how they procured vice exposes. Northvale got a new police force—Edward Martini, veteran New York cop. Gov. Edison proclaimed a state of emergency and established plans for emergency control of all protective services. Trenton bartenders can't serve Coast Guardsmen who wear leggings—they're under 21. Clarence L. Cole Jr., son of the late jurist, was questioned in the death of Mrs. Lillian Yates Phillips at Atlantic City.

SQUARE SHOOTIN'



WE'RE HUNTING for big game in this week's Square Shootin'.

Start from any square in the diagram, and by moving always to an adjoining square, horizontal, vertical or diagonal—try to spell out the name of an animal. When you've done that, start from another square and spell out another animal.—and so on.

Move one square at a time, and don't enter into the same square twice for the same word.

Shoot for a score of 20. At least that many animals are contained in the diagram. Maybe you can find more.

Example: ELK can be spelled out in the lower left-hand corner.

I	E	D	O	H
X	B	E	G	C
F	O	A	R	I
L	C	W	T	P
E	K	A	Y	S

1. ..... 8. ..... 15. .....
2. ..... 9. ..... 16. .....
3. ..... 10. ..... 17. .....
4. ..... 11. ..... 18. .....
5. ..... 12. ..... 19. .....
6. ..... 13. ..... 20. .....
7. ..... 14. .....

(Solution on page 22.)

What's a game where the *lowest* score wins? Right! It's golf. Here is a variation of the game. All the equipment you need is a dull pencil and a sharp head.

Here's an example of how Golf-Log is played: Change CAT to DOG in 3 strokes. Answer: CAT. 1. COT. 2. DOT. 3. DOG.

Notice that you can change only one letter at a time, and that a new word must be produced at each stroke.

Now in how *few* strokes can you change JEEP to TANK? Par is 8 strokes; maybe you can beat par.

JEEP

1. ..... 5. .....
2. ..... 6. .....
3. ..... 7. .....
4. ..... 8. TANK .....

Suggestions for more Golf-Logs are in order. Send in the best you can beat out to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, N. Y. C. A PRIZE of a complete puzzle kit will be sent to G.I.s who submit the best Golf-Logs (with solutions).

(Solution on page 22.)

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The French battleship Richelieu, damaged at Dakar, but ready to fight with the Allies after repairs, arrives in N. Y.

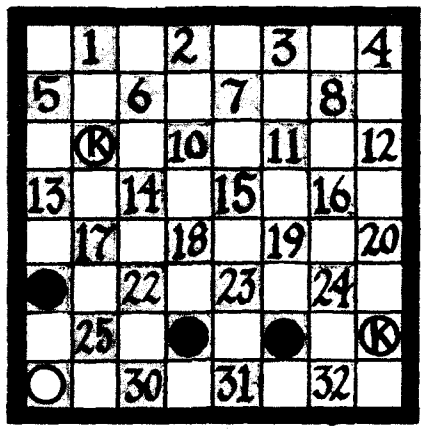
NEW MEXICO

Livestock growers worried over a shortage of stock water and early green range feed. Representatives of 22 colleges met at Albuquerque to talk war problems. Dr. George St. Clair, dean emeritus of the University of New Mexico College of Arts, died in Florida. Mrs. Rosa Chavez went from Albuquerque to the Canal Zone to become a translator.

NEW YORK

The University of Buffalo received a $348,000 trust fund from the late Jacob F. Schoellkopf. Detective Chief Martin Considine became chief of police of Niagara Falls. Thomas Harney was named superintendent of Dunkirk schools. Main line traffic on the New York Central was tied up when 26 cars of a freight train were derailed near Ripley. Guy Vaughan, president of Curtiss-Wright, predicted at Buffalo that the post-war plane will travel 700 miles an hour. Mrs. Lillian Barry of Buffalo was awarded $22,000 for the death of her husband who was killed by an IRC bus. The *Aurora*, 91-year-old German language weekly, suspended publication at Buffalo. Charles S. Bloom, Schenectady salesman, was slain. New York police had a murder mystery on their hands in the slaying of Mrs. Nahamah Baranow in the self-service elevator of a Brooklyn apartment house. An explosion at the General Electric plant at Schenectady injured 25 persons, wrecked a hydrogen storage tank, damaged other buildings.

Checkerboard Strategy



WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN

Black has two pieces ready to crown almost immediately. They are on squares 26 and 27.

Certainly it doesn't look as if White could have a winning advantage after both these Black pieces become Kings—and there is no way to prevent that.

Still there is a combination here that will *force* the win for White. Can you work it out?

We'll give you a clue. Watch that White King lurking on square 9. At the proper time he will go into ambush, wait for Black to stick his neck out—and then bop him one on the conk!

There, does that help? If not, sneak a peek at page 22 where you'll find the strategy all mapped out for you. But first number your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown. This will enable you to follow the moves given in the solution.

NORTH CAROLINA

The State Alcoholic Board of Control has issued 297,192 liquor ration books. At Moravian Falls fire burned out the Yellow Jacket, *widely known weekly published by R. Don Laws. The legislature battled over a prohibition referendum bill. Four women became tower guards at the Women's Division of State Prison at Raleigh. Thirteen corporations and 16 individuals were tried at Wilson in federal court on anti-trust law violation charges involving potato trading. Two attendants at the State Hospital for the Insane were convicted in Raleigh of stealing shirts from inmates. A state institute to train textile workers opened in Charlotte. Ben Douglas stepped out of Charlotte's mayoralty picture.*

NORTH DAKOTA

North Dakota winter livestock losses are light, agricultural agents reported, and feed supplies ample. Einar A. Madsen of Minot was named by Gov. Moses to the North Dakota draft appeal board. Moorhead city council approved a $122,047 budget for 1943. The House at Bismarck killed a bill to give the state two congressional districts rather than two congressmen-at-large and turned down a bill to license dogs.

OHIO

At Cincinnati, 2,200 AFL meat workers called off a "strike holiday" by request of their union's national officers. Stanley M. Rowe was reelected to head the Cincinnati Metropolitan Housing Authority. Cincinnati's Board of Education considered full-day summer school for high-school students to speed college entrance. The Rev. Arthur H. Stainback came from Long Branch, N. J., to be pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church in Cincinnati's Northside. Five prisoners overpowered two guards and escaped from the Hamilton County jail.

OKLAHOMA

Stephen S. Chandler, nominated by President Roosevelt as U. S. district judge for western Oklahoma, faced a stiff fight for confirmation by the U. S. Senate. Gen. John W. Harris, 95, commander of the United Confederate Veterans, was seriously ill at Ardmore. The House voted separation of beer establishments from dance halls, banning of beer sales outside incorporated towns. Gov. Kerr announced reallocation of school funds to aid weaker school districts. The legislature considered restoration of central standard time.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia's PTC ordered emergency valve cords removed from "L" and subway cars; too many drunks and kids yanked them during rush hours, disrupting traffic. The Town Talk Industries food plant at Phoenixville was wrecked by a $125,000 fire. Nine sport planes, valued at $75,000, were burned when fire swept a Port Meadville hangar. Two children of Mr. and Mrs. Kelley Cogar were burned to death at Waynesburg. Federal indictments were returned at Philadelphia against 105 persons, including Foster C. Hillegas, Montgomery County commissioner, charging them with running an illegal tire syndicate. Twenty-five machinists who learned aviation in their spare time saved 100 Army and Navy planes from a flood at Lock Haven by piloting them to dry fields. Capt. Edward Aloysius Duff, 58, former chief of Navy chaplains, died at Philadelphia.

RHODE ISLAND

The Navy condemned 6,680 acres in East and West Greenwich, Exeter and North Kingston in the biggest land condemnation case in Rhode Island's history. Gov. McGrath said 1943 racing probably will be canceled. All but a few Brown University dormitories at Providence were closed by the fuel shortage. Mrs. Virginia J. Tobey, a Republican, became Warren's first woman nominee for town council. The Office of Civilian Defense rejected Gov. McGrath's plea for restoration of service on the Providence-Bristol Railroad line. At Pawtucket, Miss Bridget McGovern fell and fractured her hip while waiting in a line for butter, then refused to leave the store until she got it.

SOUTH CAROLINA

The "Champion," crack streamliner, was derailed near Coosawhatchie; no one was injured. Fire destroyed a business block at Spartanburg, causing a $250,000 loss. The J. L. Sulton and Sons planing mill burned at Orangeburg. Wofford College students were shifted to Converse College and Spartanburg Junior College; the Wofford campus will be used for military purposes. The legislature passed a $17,024,747 appropriation bill. Presbyterian College at Clinton graduated 44 seniors.

MAIN STREET

Considerate. Volunteer firemen in Seymour, Conn., carefully removed the Monday wash of four families from back-yard clothes lines, then doused a nearby fire.

Over Age. The draft board in Caribou, Maine, reclassified John W. Keene as 1-A, then learned he was 99 years old.

He'll Take the Japs. Marine Pvt. John E. Shafto Jr., who went through the battle of the Solomon Islands without a scratch, is in a hospital in Oakland, Calif. On furlough, he was hit by a car while crossing the street.

Livestock at Large. Detroit police captured eight steers escaped from a packing-house truck, then had trouble rescuing two others from steak-hungry citizens armed with butcher knives. . . . Residents of Bedford, Ind., had Sunday chicken dinners after a truck overturned and 4,000 chickens got loose.

Paid in Pastry. Twelve-year-old Bobby Jackson stopped a runaway bakery-wagon horse in Niagara Falls, N. Y. He ate his reward on the spot—an apple cobbler.

Absent-Minded. Sir Owen Dixon, Australian minister to the U. S., forgot his dress-suit pants when he went to Springfield, Ill., to make a speech. Next day when he left Springfield he forgot to return the pair he had borrowed from a clothing store.

How Did It Fit?

Boston — Newsmen wouldn't believe it when fan dancer Sally Rand told them she was wearing her soldier husband's long underwear. So Sally took a woman reporter aside and proved it.

TENNESSEE

Nashville theaters were asked by police to bar juveniles during school hours as a result of a wave of purse-snatching. Federal internal revenue collections in Tennessee were $57,921,230 the last six months of 1942, twice the amount for the same months of the previous year. The legislature ended a 38-day session, shortest regular biennial meeting in 50 years, and passed only 158 general bills, a record low. Trenton's Mayor W. E. Seat was 92; he is reputed to be the nation's oldest city executive. J. Ridley Mitchell, former congressman and unsuccessful candidate for governor last year, became federal alien property custodian for four states. Fire destroyed the YMCA building on the University of Tennessee campus at Knoxville. Brushy Mountain prison will have a 1,000-acre victory garden.

TEXAS

Fred Knetsch of Seguin was named highway commissioner. Canton donated its jail to the scrap-metal drive. The legislature at Austin refused to confirm Gov. Stevenson's nomination of J. Watt Page as adjutant general and William Lawson as secretary of state. Train service opened between Houston and the ship canal. Fire destroyed the Oldham-Barks Lumber Co. plant in Houston. Helen O'Keefe, blond secretary sentenced to 25 years for killing her boss, was granted a new trial at Houston. A home-made cannon exploded at Silsbee, killing Clyde Brown, 15. A trapped vulture dragged its trap over a power line, cutting off Madisonville's electricity for an hour. Texas grocers complained housewives were transferring canned foods to jars and claiming they were home-canned. A milk shortage in the Dallas area was threatened as many dairy cattle were sold for beef.

UTAH

Robert Avery, 34, was executed at Salt Lake City for the murder of Hoyt L. Gates, Ogden detective; he was shot by a firing squad of Gates' fellow detectives. Thomas Nemier and Norman Standard were sentenced to die for assaulting guards in a prison escape. The WPB banned embroidering of waitresses' names on their uniforms. At Ogden, irate wives protested the hiring of women by the Ogden Union Railroad to replace war-scarce men as "call boys"; the wives can't tell whether feminine voices phoning their husbands are business calls or not. Ogden and Salt Lake scheduled their annual cattle shows. Charles Seegmuller, 100, took his first plane ride at St. George.

VIRGINIA

In Richmond, fire swept the crowded Park Theater but no one was hurt. Dr. John E. Pomfret, formerly of Vanderbilt, became president of William and Mary, and John Stewart Bryan became chancellor. Richmond city schools got a $61,800 budget increase. Dr. William A. Weisiger became grand master of Virginia Masons. Virginia Methodists complained that churches had difficulty getting fuel for Sunday services. U. S. marshals condemned 683 miles of 4-inch gauze bandage at Richmond's Quartermaster Depot as unsterile.

WISCONSIN

Collapse of a clay crevice in the C. F. and H. mine near Shullsburg killed eight men in Wisconsin's worst mine disaster. Milwaukee tavern-keepers asked that bars be closed from 2 to 6 A.M. on weekdays and 3:30 to 10 A.M. on Sundays. Gov. Goodland fired Ralph S. Kingsley as state civilian defense chairman and appointed Brig. Gen. Alvin A. Kuechenmeister to replace him. Stanley Badowicz was fined $25 in Milwaukee for drunkenness, paid it from a $6,000 roll police found on him after he "passed out." Four young men —Roy Ackerson, Melvine Gilbertson, Palmer Hanson and Paul Nelson—were killed near Barron by carbon monoxide fumes from the heater of their snow-stalled car.

WYOMING

Dan Eagen, young Caspar attorney, lost a two-year fight to avoid a prison term for killing his wife, began a one- to two-year sentence after he was rejected for the Army. The legislature rejected a bill to require school courses in health and physical education after religious groups objected. One-third of Wyoming's draft registrants have entered armed service. Hugh J. Findlay of Smoot and G. W. Yeaman of Afton were elected directors of the Star Valley Creamery at Afton. C. W. Slingerland, 72, of Pine Bluffs was killed 24 miles from Cheyenne in an auto accident. Gov. Hunt trimmed $562,000 from the legislature's appropriation bill before approving it. Sheridan planned to resume its annual rodeo this year.

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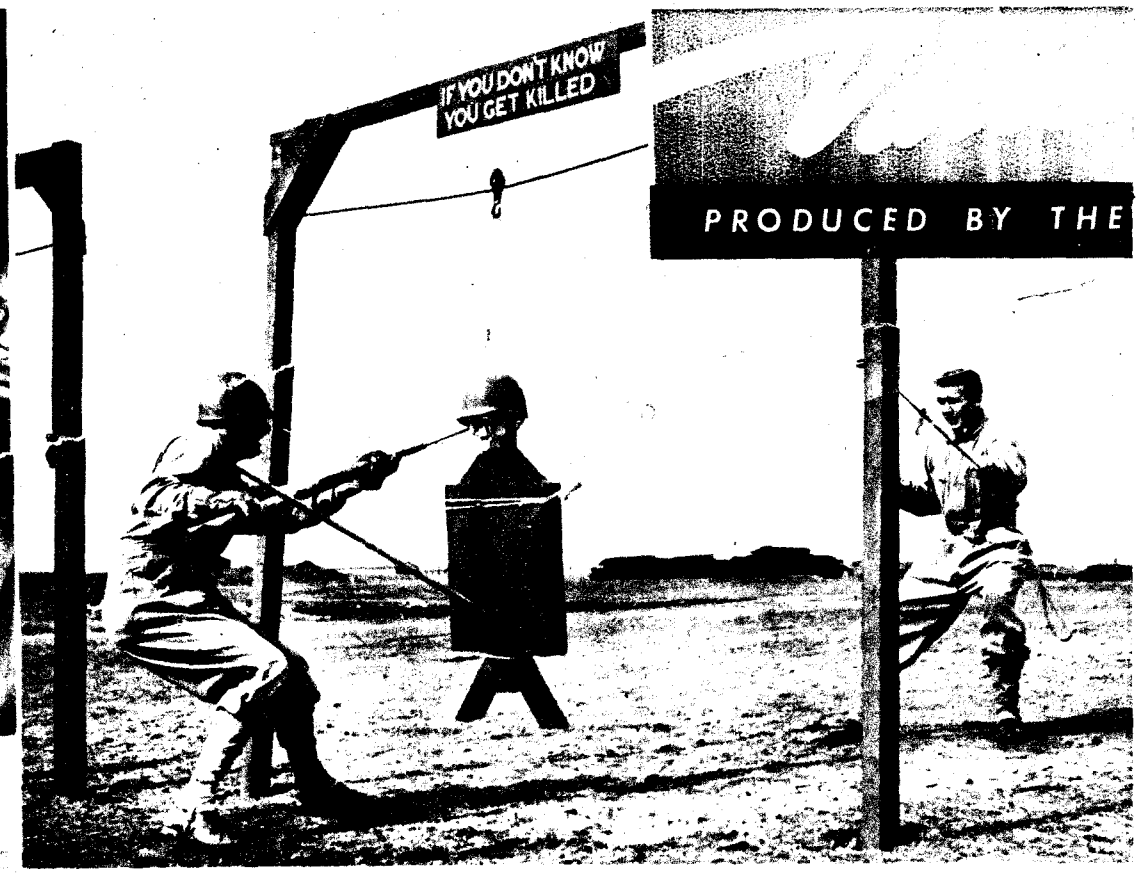
JUNGLE SERVICE. At a new club-cafeteria in New Guinea, Yanks and Aussies get good eats from Fuzzie Wuzzies. It's a welcome luxury in this front-line PX.



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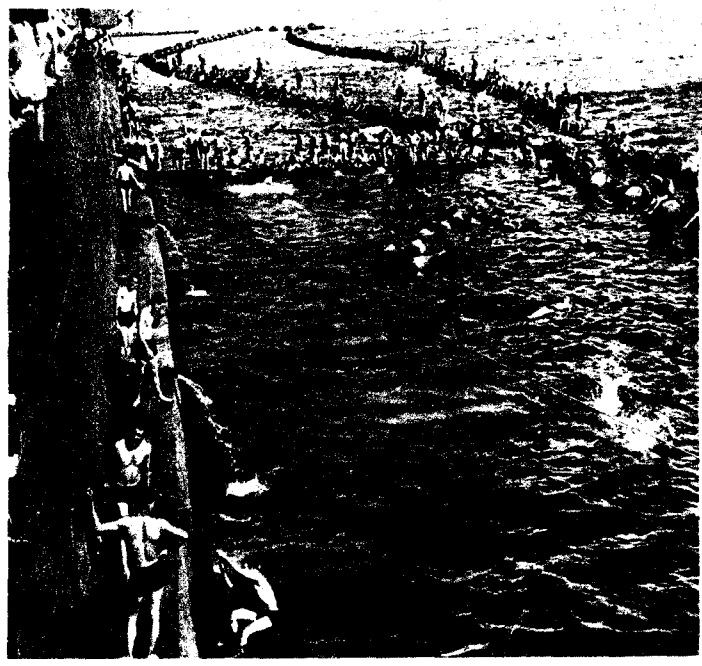
DUMMY FIGHTER. U. S. antiaircraft artillery trainees have to run a new kind o bayonet course at Camp Haan, Calif. Civilian Instructor Robert Seeger (right) invented dummy that fights back. Lt. Leslie Lawrence is failing to get thrust home on Hitler-targe



OCEAN POOL. When a convoy got through to the Solomons with reinforcements, some Yanks lost no time going overboard for a swim.

MEDAL MAN. S/Sgt. Kenneth Gradle has more medals than any EM in the Army—nine.

FAMILY TEAM. Sgt. Harold Adams (right) helped his so Lt. John Adams (left), get his commission. As mechanic h worked with him, and finally pinned on bars at Luke Field, Ari.

GOING OVER. As part of the University of New Hampshire's physical fitness program for women, these girls easily hurdle a high wall on an obstacle course.

NORTHERN GUARD. Framed by the heavy log doorway of a camp building, Pfc. Willard Gates, of Delaplaine, Ark., stands guard at an Army outpost somewhere in Alaska. A long way from Arkansaw.

MOVING
OVER TH

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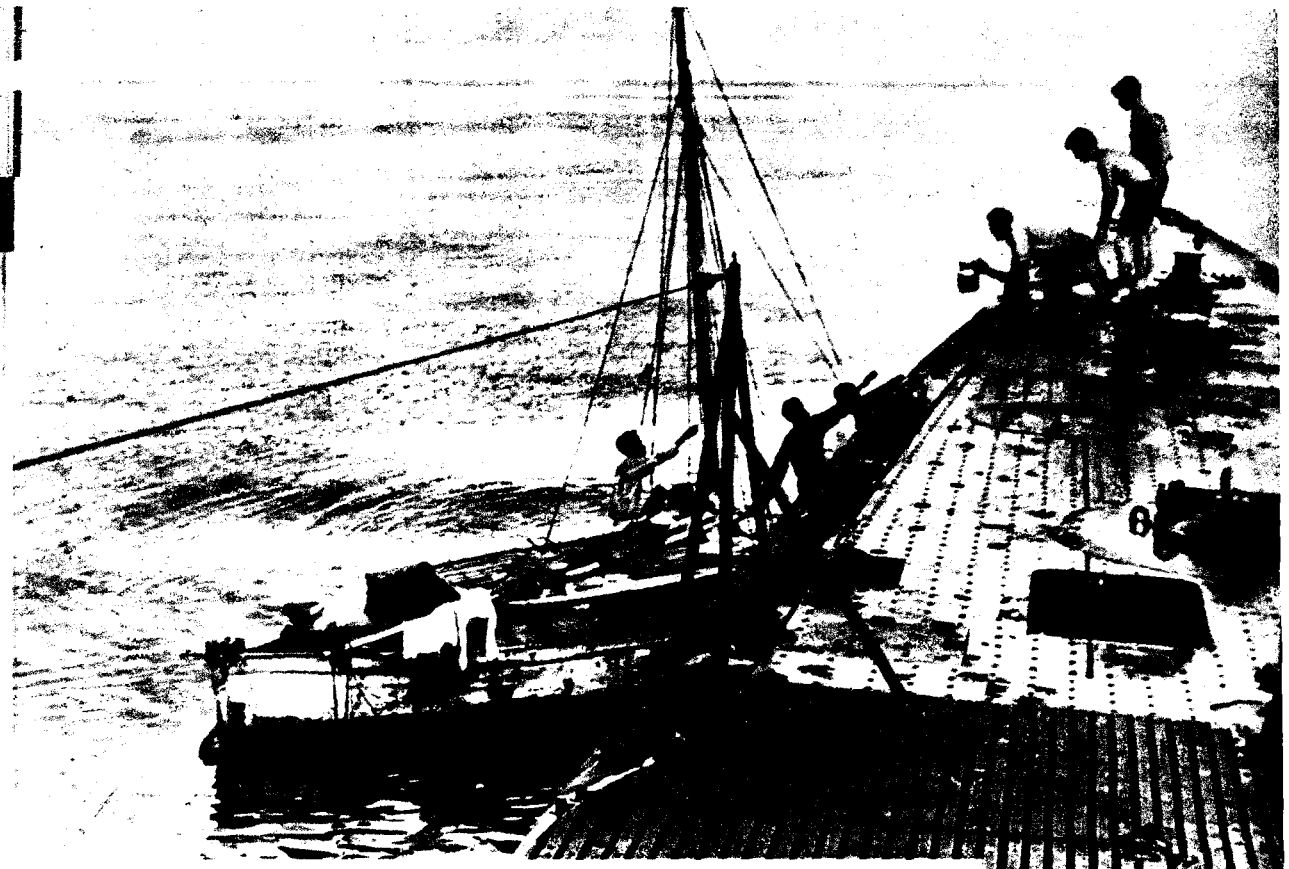

On a patrol, during which she sank a Jap destroyer and four ships, the U. S. submarine *Wahoo* came on a becalmed fishing boat. Three aboard had died. Here the others get food and water.

EASY VIRT Carolyn Burrill, a former Augusta (Ga.) school marm, plays part of siren in melodrama of Coast Artillery in Hawaii.

The combined service of these noncoms, stationed at the Cavalry Replacement Training Center, Fort Riley, Kans., adds up to 343 years. Left to right, with years of service: 1st Sgt. John Bayless, 30; T/5 Seth W. Mehurin, 26; S/Sgt. Alfred Nelson, 27; M/Sgt. Michael Fischback, 30; T/Sgt. Harry G. Zink, 26; 1st Sgt. Benjamin Schwartz, 29; S/Sgt. Fred Honey, 31; T/Sgt. Lester H. Johnson, 27; S/Sgt. Harry T. Charlier, 29; M/Sgt. Donald M. Hooper, 30; S/Sgt. Aubrey Coolin, 26; S/Sgt. Abraham Van Horn, 32. This is "the old Army" that you've been hearing so much about.

In England, Maj. Gen. Russell P. Hartle gives diploma and commission to Cpl. Bill Duckery, graduate of OCS. Thirteen other Negroes earned their gold bars with Duckery.

ALLIED SURVIVORS U. S. Waacs and nurses with British Tommies were picked up after their Africa-bound ship was torpedoed.

WAR TROUPE Mitzi Mayfair (left) and Kay Francis are home after covering 37,500 miles to entertain overseas.

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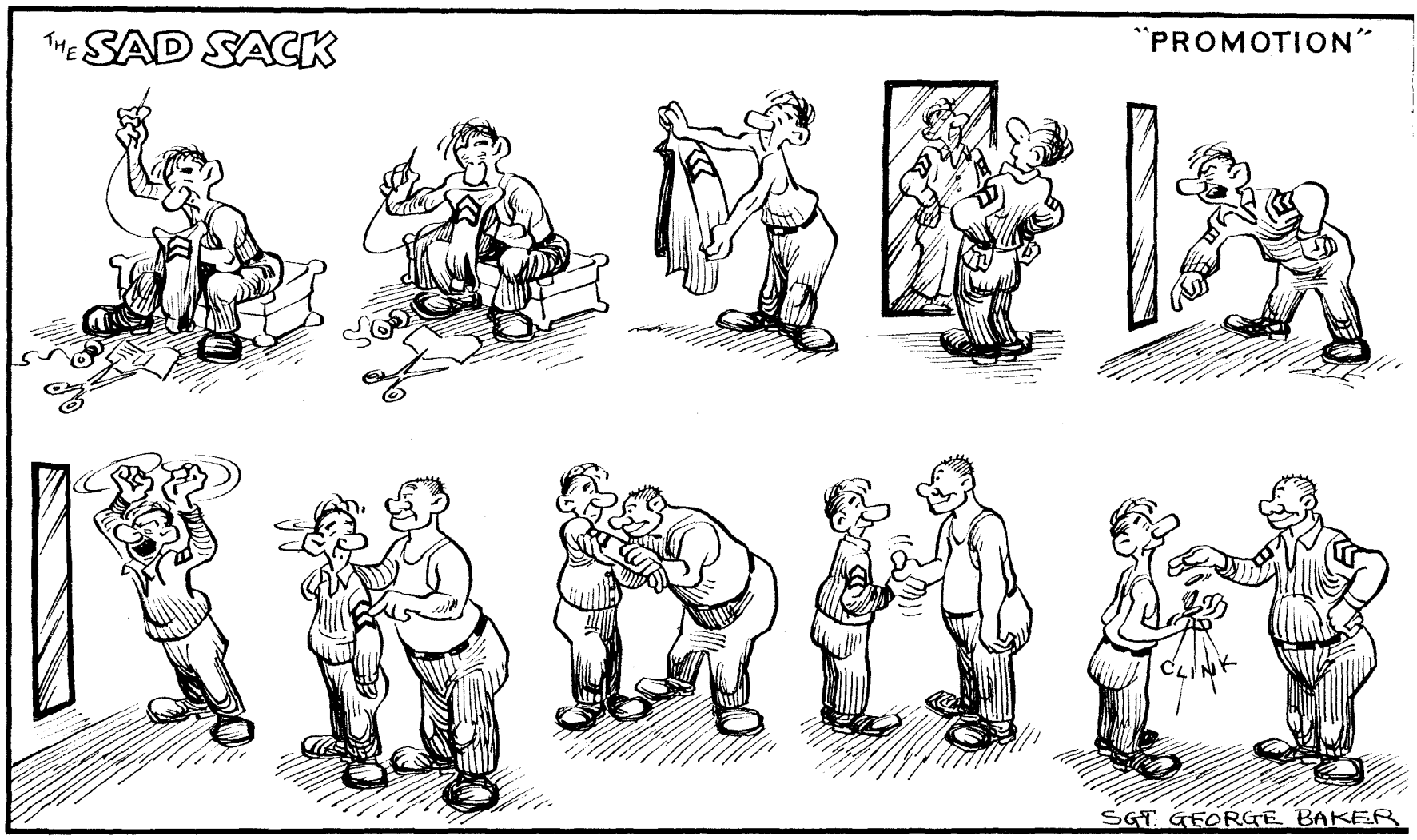


PRISCILLA, THE ALEUTIAN MAIDEN

A BUNCH of the boys were whooping it up in Sloppy Joe's saloon. Klondike Belle was sitting on a piano. Gold-Rush Nell was sitting on a telephone. Don't ask me why. Gold-Dust Pete was pouring the drinks. I licked my lips as I looked at the Four Roses bottle. Bearded construction workers were sitting in all the booths with their girl friends. There wasn't a soldier in sight. I decided this was because soldiers are very moral individuals and don't drink liquor The evils of fire water cannot be over-emphasized. I felt ashamed of myself. Besides, whisky was $25 a pint.

I left the saloon and wandered down the street. It was a rugged town—the kind you see pictured in western movies, only they don't have docks and totem poles in western movies. I didn't see any horses. What would a western movie be without horses?

I felt lonely and blue. I took off my dark glasses and put them in my pocket. I had a week-end pass. All my buddies were doing guard duty.

I walked into the 5-10-and-15-cent store. A cute girl was standing behind the counter.

"What will you have, soldier?" she said. I felt excited and embarrassed so I bought five bars of soap, 10 post cards and a fountain pen.

"What's your name?" I asked boldly.

"I am Priscilla. What is your name?"

"Don is my name." I said.

"Howdy," she said.

"Howdy do," I replied.

Our conversation was becoming monotonous.

"You are a buck private, are you not?" she said.

"Yes, but don't rub it in," I replied, as she tried to sell me a bottle of Sloan's liniment.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" she said.

"You are very pretty," I replied.

She smiled and showed very white teeth.

I asked her for a date and she said, "Okay."

We went to the Igloo movie theater that evening after Priscilla finished work. We held hands during the show. She introduced me to her relatives. There were 10 children in the family. I discovered she was an Aleutian. There was some Russian and some Irish in her family.

This was the beginning of our romance. We are very much in love but who can tell what fate holds in store for us? Her father is an old walrus hunter.

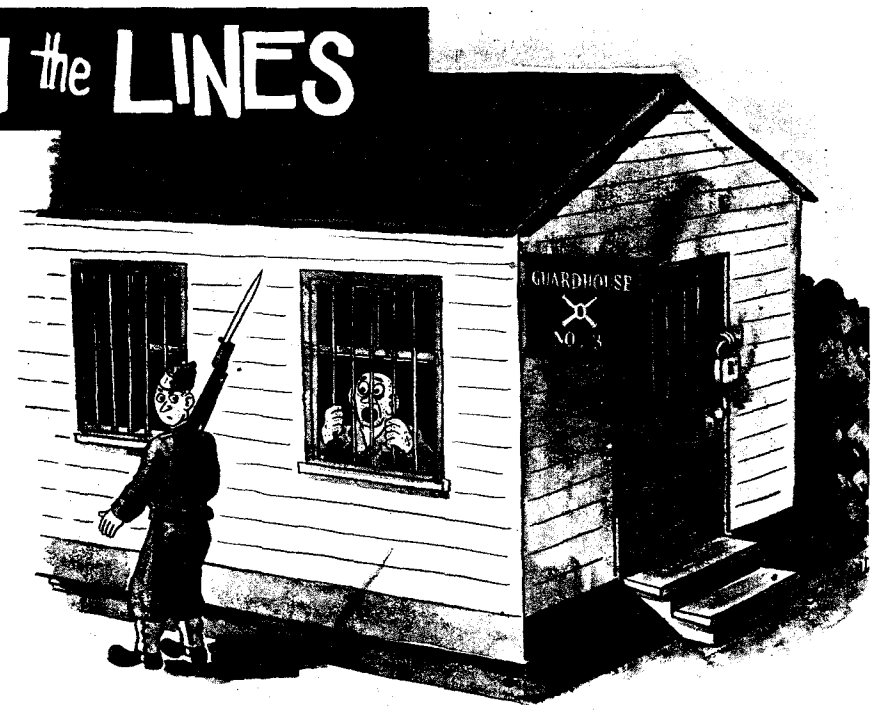
(Any resemblance in these characters to people alive or half alive is purely accidental.)

Alcan Highway —Pvt. DONALD SEELY

Esther Williams

You've seen pictures of this girl before, probably as a swimming champion. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw her, too, and now she's an ex-swimming champ and a movie starlet. She made her debut in "Andy Hardy's Double Life."

BETWEEN the LINES



"Tell da top kick I'll sing. It wuz McClosky nailed his shoes to da floor."

ADVANCE IN AUSTRALIA

TENSE were the ruddy faces of the men who were known as Yanks. It was almost zero hour. They had waited with quivering nerves during the long night that had just ended. Their eager faces were full of anticipation. It seemed to these hardy men that their whole lives had been pointed to the moment that was so soon to come.

A tough-looking sergeant lit his cigarette with trembling fingers. A white-faced private behind him laughed nervously and said quite obviously, "It won't be long now!" The sergeant answered, "Yes, and we must all be ready in this hour of need."

Time ticked on. The men feared the zero hour would never arrive. They could hear the clatter that precluded this glorious event. Their American faces were alight with American pride. Slowly, ponderously, the door opened and a dramatic voice cried:

"Ten o'clock, boys. The bar's open."

Australia —Sgt. ROBERT S. GOLDFLAM

"Let's follow a Jap ship. They all get sunk sooner or later."

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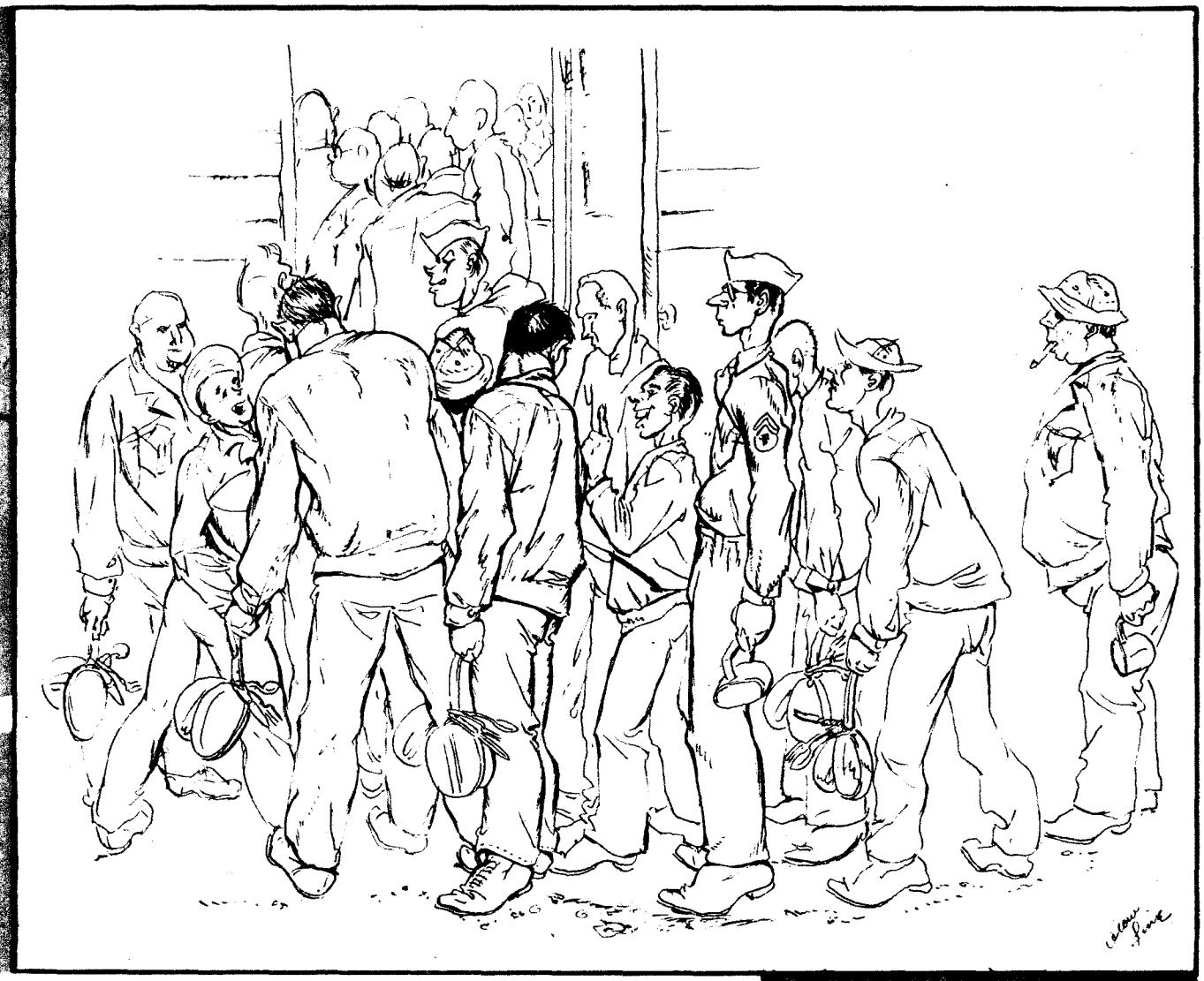

SKETCH BOOK

OF A PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

PFC. OSCAR LIEBMAN keeps sketchbooks in his footlocker and spends most of his spare time filling them with pictures of the soldiers and camp scenes that he sees at Fort Andrews in Boston Harbor, where he is stationed with the Ninth General Hospital. Liebman has been drawing pictures of the Army ever since the day he was inducted at Camp Upton, N. Y. He hopes to collect his best drawings, like the sketches on this page, and publish them in book form sometime after the duration and six months.

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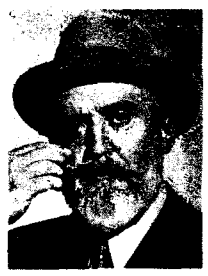
EVENING MORNING REPORT

Hollywood — Greer Garson will play the part of Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium, in the MGM version of Eve Curie's book about her mother's career. . . . Eric Von Stroheim, who has played ramrod-necked Prussian officers in so many pictures that his jugular vein looks like a poker, will be given a chance to giraffe himself to death as Marshal Rommel in "Five Graves to Cairo." . . . The talent scouts are on the prowl again out here. Those Warner Brothers — Tom, Dick and the fun-loving Jack—have dispatched one of their ace reconnaissance men on a tour of eight West Coast universities to skim the cream off the crop of co-eds. And MGM, short on love affairs for Andy Hardy, is seeking to replenish the supply by sending scout Jack Mahler into the easternmost reaches of Canada where grow the prettiest pickings. . . . The big studios are battling each other with blood in their eyes for rights to film the life of Jimmy Doolittle.

Greer Garson

Radio — Hottest double-play combination on the air right now is Monty Woolley and Al Jolson. Just like "The Man Who Came To Dinner," Woolley came to call on the program one night and he's been there ever since. . . . Benny Goodman posed for a portrait by the surrealist artist Salvadore Dali immediately after a recent broadcast. He hasn't dared look at the picture yet. . . . Fred Allen and Phil Baker are having a gag feud. Old Briefcase Eyes had been chiseling in on Baker's "Take It or Leave It" show, which follows Fred's Sunday night program, and Baker's been pretending he's sore.


Monty Woolley

Broadway — Model agencies report a surplus of pulchritudinous feminine talent and a shortage of good-looking men. . . . Patty Garfield, the shapely Conover model who once started a street fight by kicking a cop, is kicking about her husband now. Seeking an annulment of her marriage to Fred C. Jacoby Jr., she told the judge that she wanted tots but all Jacoby wanted was hot toddies. . . . Tommy Manville lost his sixth spouse, cuddly Billie Boze, in Reno. But now they are back together. The fact that Billie didn't ask alimony "floored me," said Manville. . . . Featured in "Star and Garter" is a character who eats cigars and shirtfronts. . . . Col. Stoopnagle makes his stage debut in "Dancing in the Streets."

★ GENERAL MIXUP ★

How well do you know your Presidents? This week we've taken the names of 10 former Presidents and juggled around the letters of each name.

Let's see if you can put them back in order again.

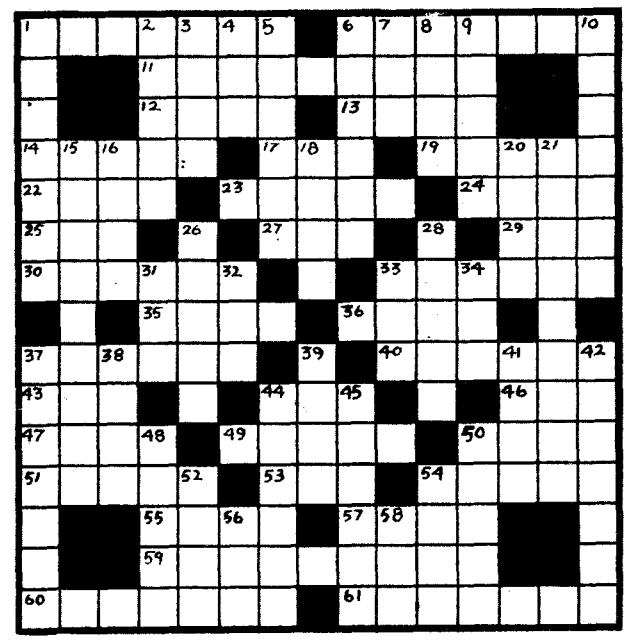
Here's an example of how it's done: DOING VOICE CALL, unscrambled yields CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Now go ahead with the 10 names below:

1. LO! SEE TOOTHED ROVER
2. RESTS ON USING SLY MAPS
3. I, WHO ENGAGE STRONG
4. O WORLD, NOW I SOW!
5. WAR—LAD! I HANG MALINGERER
6. AN ARCH, LION, LAMB . . .
7. HAD NO JAMS . . . . . .
8. SEEM NO MAJOR . . . . . .
9. LOVE—GRAND, CLEVER
10. KNOWS JAR DANCE . . . . . .

G.I. CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

By Pvt. VAUGHN KENDRICK, *Engrs., Canada*



HORIZONTAL

1. Regardless of his age, he's always "The Old Man."
6. Takes into custody.
11. Old G.I.s sometimes refer to them as "dog robbers."
12. Old-time tent-maker who now hangs out in YANK's "Poets Cornered."
13. Breakfast food (sometimes).
14. How the rookie salutes.
17. Roman he-man (and I don't mean Mussolini).
19. Domesticated.
22. Panamanian island.
23. Two in the lower, one in the upper.
24. Hindu ascetic.
25. The original apple polisher.
27. Same Old Stuff (abbr.).
29. Thar mought be gold in them thar rocks.
30. Period of instruction.
33. Artilleryman who dishes out the steel confetti.
35. This could be a rainbow, a flower, or part of your eye.
36. You'll find this in your rifle—and keep it clean, soldier.
37. A region of ancient Greece, home of the original hard guys.
40. A parallel of latitude.
43. How you'll find it when you get into the tropics.
44. Buddy.
46. Three Jap planes.
47. Garbage can filling.
49. Sphere.
50. Army chef's special.
51. Miniature barrack bags.
53. There isn't any more.
54. Embrace.
55. Military Chow-hounds Ass'n, Inc. (abbr.).
57. Be Victorious Over Axis (abbr.)
59. Military group.
60. Ceremonial formations.
61. A bunch of big shots.

VERTICAL

1. He goes around with a chick on his shoulder and commands 8 Vertical.
2. Implements.
3. You're in it now, you're not behind the plow.
4. Girl's name.
5. A soldier's should always be steady.
6. Alarms.
7. Equip.
8. Military group (abbr.).
9. Try
10. A warrior.
15. Article of furniture.
16. Mrs. Deer (plural).
18. Metallic element. The kind of 5 Vertical a 10 Vertical should have.
20. Celestial body. Put sixpence with it and you have a recent movie.
21. Flagrant.
26. Strongholds.
28. Rush.
31. How to address an officer.
32. National Infantry association (abbr.).
33. Obtained.
34. Here's a "new" prefix.
37. When the mud's over this you know you're in deep.
38. Aleutian island.
39. English hoosegow.
41. . . . . Negri, vamp of the old silents.
42. Military group.
44. Braids.
45. Three short pounds. (Heh, heh. Stealing Ted Shane's stuff.)
48. Martin Johnson's lion.
50. Slope.
52. A fish. When it's in the plural it can mean a whole lot.
54. A kind of duck.
56. Devoured.
58. By way of.

(Solution on page 22.)

"Now they tell me I got my commission in the Navy."

COMPANY STREET

Chow

Pvt. David W. Seymour, **Fort McClellan,** Ala., caused a razor blade shortage in his outfit by eating all the blades he could find. He was a blade chewer in a circus. . . . Sgt. William E. Plyne climbed out of his tank after an engagement on a **Tunisian** battle front, ate 21 eggs in a row, then asked: "What's for chow tonight?" . . . Mess Cook Pvt. Danny Moriscano wrote home from a **North African** Air Base: "Dear Mom, I went to chow and there sits a couple of guys who look mighty familiar. One is tall and thickset and wears glasses, and reminds me of President Roosevelt. The other is short and stubby and has a cigar in his mouth. 'Naw,' I says to myself, 'it couldn't be President Roosevelt way down here in Africa.' But Mom, it really was, and your son Danny had a hand in making chow for him. Wow, was I thrilled!"

Relatives

Mrs. Glenna Wilson and her daughter Glenna enlisted together at the WAAC Induction Center, **Chicago,** Ill., and became the first WAAC mother-daughter combination. . . . When Cpl. William M. Walker, **Camp Sibert,** Ala., greets his mother he'll throw her a highball. She's WAAC Lt. Cora J. Walker. . . . At **Camp Crowder,** Miss., Pfc. James C. Swain sleeps on the upper deck, his father, Pfc. James C. Swain, on the lower, of the same bed. . . . Flight Sgt. Peter Halupka hopped out of his plane at an air base in **India** after a long flight, heard somebody shout, "Hey, Pete!" and turned to meet his brother, Cpl. Martin F. Halupka, stationed there.

"'Lo, Ma."

Glamor

Pvt. Perc Westmore, famous movie make-up artist, now applies the Hollywood touch to pots and pans at **Camp Roberts,** Calif. . . . Lt. (jg) Spangler Arlington Brugh is training as a ferry pilot at the Navy Flying School, **Corpus Christi,** Tex. In the movies he's Robert Taylor.

G.I. Mascots

At **Johnson Field,** N. C.: a black fighting hen; Sgt. G. Thomasetti, keeper. At **Patterson Field,** Ohio: a baby crocodile: T/Sgt. E. J. Mack, keeper. At **Camp Bowie,** Tex.: Pvt. Anthony Duck Drake *(see photo)*: T/4 Alphonso Clark, keeper.

Names

Cadet Hudson F. Packard was nicknamed "General Motors" at the **Nashville** (Tenn.) Classification Center until buddies discovered his middle name was Ford.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

TASTE IT

The origin of G.I. soup
Will perhaps forever be
Secret to a soldier's mind,
Shrouded in mystery.

Last night I thought it bean
And dug away down deep,
Even strained it through my bread,
But found no beans to keep.

Then I thought of celery
And stirred around for leaves
But even if I'd found some there
They might have come from trees.

It couldn't be tomato,
The color wasn't right.
And besides there were no seeds
To be found in there last night.

I'd almost given up until—
At last! Don't be a dope!
As any fool can plainly taste,
It's made with G.I. soap!

—Sgt. K. V. LAMOREUX
Lincoln Air Base Nebr.

PERSONAL INSPECTION

His blouse was too tight
And it sagged to the right
While the collar bulged out in the back;
His trousers rode high as
They stretched on the bias,
Because of his large lower back.

Yet his sweetheart, Miss Nashing,
Cried, "My, you look dashing."

—Cpl. RAY DUNCAN
Santa Ana Army Air Base, Calif.

LATRINE RUMORS

United Press is pretty good,
And AP's all right too,
I find no fault with INS;
All bring the news to you.

The G.I.s have a system, though,
That's simple and serene;
No wires, no telephones need they,
For rumors of latrine.

Now, rumors emanate from there
As fast and thick as flies;
They tell you when you'll move and where,
And prove that facts are lies.

The rumor's hot; here comes a flash:
"We're going overseas!"
Another flash: "Our outfit is
To all become MPs."

"Our captain will be tried in court,
And furloughs all will get;
First sergeant will be transferred soon
To Burma or Tibet."

This system that the dogface has
Tells ev'rything that's new;
It's very good, except the "facts"
It gives are never true!

—Cpl. JOHN READEY
Camp Stoneman, Calif.

LINES WRITTEN ON A LATRINE WALL

Some like guys with a sense of humor.
I like guys with a sense of rumor.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

DREAMS OF A BROOKLYN G.I.

Lazy like I lay upon my cot,
And think and think an awful lot
Of downtown Brooklyn, Paramount and Fox,
Nathan's hot dogs and bagels and lox;
Or the parking area in Prospect Park,
A stroll on the Parkway when it's dark,
The fast talk of the Brownsville boys,
And the old ladies oy, oy, oy's;
Those pants—24-inch knee and 15-inch peg,
The cop's "Keep moving and shake a leg,"
A dance at a hall in Bensonhurst,
The Black and White to quench your thirst,
A fast-moving night at a cellar club,
The Catskill Mountain MC with a cigar stub.
No more thinking but doing till we finish the Japs,
But these are the things I dream of after taps.

—Cpl. ISIDORE GOLDSTEIN
Camp Gordon, Ga.

TO FUTURE INDUCTEES

Do not with your noncoms try to reason,
For in the Army they call that treason.

—Pvt. WILLIAM CARPENTER GOOD
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

RESOLUTION AT 3 A. M.

I would trade the *biggest* sloe-gin rickey
For a sloe-eyed look from Marlene Dietrichy.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

JOISEY BOUNCE

We'll fight with the jerks from Joisey
To set the rising sun,
If they'll get the hell out of the Lone Star State
When 'er the war is won.

Guys and gals in Texas
Like to drawl "out yonder," "you all" and "sho nuff;"
We don't think "jeeze," "youse" and "how long are you here"
Exactly up to snuff!

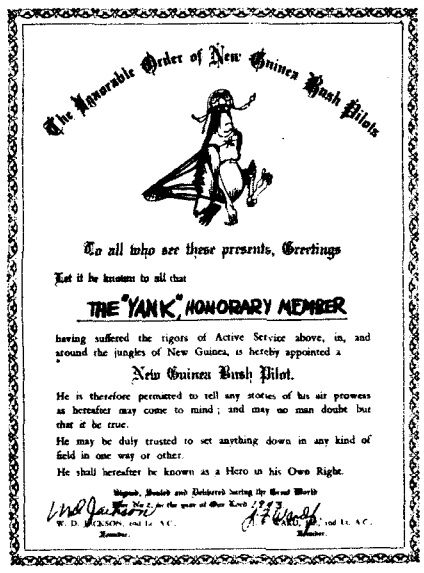
When it's round-up time in Texas,
And the Jap rats have met their doom,
May the sidewalks of New York be crowded
And we'll no more hear their gloom.

'Tis a shame there isn't room for all
To live in the very best state.
Let's begin a "Joisey Bounce" campaign,
Before it is too late.

Let's tell them the Dodgers are good
And need all the support they can get.
Why should they stay in Texas,
When in Brooklyn they'd be all set?

But when they're home and look things over,
Open their bags, and start to unpack,
Memories of Texas will unfold
And they'll wish that they were back!

—Pvt. ROBERT D. MIDKIFF
AAFES, Childress, Tex.



Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Due to the fact that YANK has provided genuine entertainment to so many pilots and air-crew members in their few hours of relaxation, further because your publication has piled up much combat flying time in bombardment aircraft on operational missions, it is our great pleasure to make YANK an honorary member of the New Guinea Bush Pilots. May we take this opportunity to thank the members of the staff of the YANK for the grand work they are doing.

—2nd Lt. JAMES F. WARD, JR.
Australia

■ We're very much honored, and are sending you a certificate of membership in our Marching and Mayhem Club.

Dear YANK:

A fellow in the QM in White Horse, Canada, was court-martialed, and had his choice of taking 30 days in the guardhouse or putting in his 30 days working with Co. A of the 340th Engrs. The poor fellow took Co. A. He is regretting his decision already.

—Pfc. WILLARD K. MEYER
Canada

Dear YANK:

On our post we do not have any laundry facilities other than taking it to town or doing it ourselves. Then we are not permitted to hang clothes indoors regardless of weather conditions. Having returned from furlough I needed clean linen, so decided to do it myself. When I had finished it it began to rain. What to do? We have a large heating stove on each end of the barracks with a sand box underneath it. Filling my mess kit with sand and putting it on the stove, I proceeded to set up an ironing board. In a minute everything was ready and I was drying and pressing my laundry. The boys said, "We thought they had seen everything." Incidentally, we still are without laundry facilities.

Marianna, Fla. —Cpl. JAMES P. ROTHER

Dear YANK:

Here in the desert a rolling canteen for the benefit of the USAAF, owned and operated by the U. S., sells us such sundry articles as we may need. Said articles are all tax free, and I'd like to know why one must pay at least 8 PTs (32 cents) for any American cigarette. If the sailors can get them for 6 cents, why can't we? Beer and other things are just as unreasonably dear. Another thing: a buddy of mine just brought to my attention the "Smokes for Yanks" drive in Washington. I donated a buck to the cause and to this day none of us has as much as seen or smelt a "Smoke for Yanks" and we have been here almost nine months. Reckon something can be done?

—Cpl. I. H. DEMERCADO
Overseas

Dear YANK:

I would like to see a picture of a soldier or know the name of one who has an umbrella and makes use of it in camp. Is there any? I always wanted to see a soldier with an umbrella.

—Pvt. HENRY DEMCHUK
Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

■ Anybody ever seen a G.I. umbrella? We haven't.

Dear YANK:

I was reading a recent issue of YANK and ran across Pvt. Campbell's letter asking how to get into the paratroops. Please tell him the best way to go about it is to get transferred into infantry basic training. From there he won't have any trouble getting into the paratroops, and he will find it much easier to pass the paratroopers' training once he has gone through the rugged training of the infantry soldier.

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Cpl. BILL HOLIN

Dear YANK:

If any one branch of the service is stepped on, it is the Quartermaster Corps. I am a member of the QM and proud of it. But to hear our fellow soldiers talk you would think we were a lot of goldbrickers, collecting pay and not doing anything. I wonder how many men know what QM really does and where we fit into this fight. Perhaps they never stopped to wonder about those three meals a day, those uniforms they wear, the transportation they use and the million and one other things that the QM furnishes. Instruction is being given in everything else in the Army, why not give a little on the services performed by the various branches?

Moody Field, Ga. —Sgt. CLARENCE E. BAILEY

Dear YANK:

There are set regulations in the Army as to uniform insignia. Why in the hell don't these "wildcat" service pilots commissioned into the Ferry Command wear service wings? They sport regular Army combat wings and it gets in plenty of the Army pilots' hair. After all they didn't go through what we did in training and don't have the right to wear them. They use the argument that some of them have thousands of hours (cubs) and some had to pay as much as $20 an hour to learn to fly. Is that our fault that they couldn't pass the regular physical (or mental) exam. Oh hell, what's the use. Some poor staff sergeant pilots will bomb Tokyo next month or so and end the war and this will be the real G.I. Army again.

—"P-O" SOLDIER

Dear YANK:

I want to congratulate you on the wonderful write-up in YANK about the Negro Decontamination Unit. It was really an extraordinary issue to colored soldiers who so rarely see or hear what Negro troops are doing in this war. Keep up the good work and tell us more about some of the good things the Negro is doing and not so much of the comical things. There's a war on. We're both in it so let's both win it.

England —Pvt. CHARLIE ROBINSON

Dear YANK:

A "G.I. Joe" cartoon in YANK called "Night Guard" showed two spies coming out of Headquarters, ETOUSA, with a safe marked "U. S. Army Secret," and a MP calmly standing by asking, "Hey! Got a pass to take that out?" I wish to inform you that the MPs are not guarding the ETOUSA but an infantry company is doing this job. Also, we don't ask questions; we get results.

—1st Lt. RAY W. MILES
England

Dear YANK:

The base ordnance office at this base claims to be responsible for the care and feeding of an even more infantile six-striper than M/Sgt. Billy T. Hutson (born June 7, 1923) of Camp Roberts, Calif., winner of YANK's youngest master sergeant contest. M/Sgt. Alton B. Lewis of the 1081st Ordnance Co., Avn., was born June 30, 1923, and attained the highest enlisted man's rank Nov. 7, 1942. We are sorry we were unable to get this info to you before the close of the contest, but M/Sgt. Lewis toddled into this office only yesterday for some advanced training.

—Cpl. NORMAN McCARRON
Army Air Base, Topeka, Kans.

■ M/Sgt. Lewis is younger all right, and we're sorry you weren't in time to win.

Dear YANK:

It seems a couple of camps back they are bragging about their KP's dream come true—an electric potato peeler. Over here we have an electric potato peeler, too. Our CO shows it off to all visitors and is proud of it. So are we, the boys who run the gadget.

—Pvt. LOUIS G. STEVENS
Australia

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 38
MAR. 12, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

FOR ENLISTED MEN ONLY

IT WAS BOUND to happen eventually. A couple of YANK staff members overseas got themselves promoted to officers.

The question immediately comes up whether they should remain on the staff of an enlisted men's paper. We did a lot of arguing around the shop one way and the other because these men who have been promoted are charter members of the staff and excellent reporters. In their defense some of our staff pointed out that YANK had printed poems by officers, cartoons from officers, and on one occasion a feature story by an officer. And if we were to continue to print contributions by officers, there was no reason why we could not have officers as reporters.

But the idea of an officer as a reporter kills the very heart of YANK. This Weekly is "by and for the men in the Army," and has been so from the beginning. The minute reporters become officers, YANK is no longer the voice of the enlisted man.

It is therefore with regret, and grateful appreciation of their many contributions to YANK and their loyal, hard-fighting service overseas that we say good-bye and good luck to Lt. Robert Neville in North Africa and to Warrant Officer Jack Kahn in New Guinea. Neither officer henceforth will do any writing for YANK.

And just to put the lid down tight, YANK in the future will not print any contributions from officers, not even poetry. This is an enlisted man's paper. We are going to keep it that way.

STRICTLY G.I.

Rifle Cover

NEW PLASTIC ITEM that the QM has dug up is a rifle cover. It's an elastic, translucent bag which slips over a rifle like a sock on a foot and ties up at one end. It's guaranteed to keep sand and water out of Garands in a landing. If you get in a pinch, you don't take it off—you just shoot through it.

More Dehydrated Foods

The QM is carrying the dehydration of foods process to new heights with waterless eggs. One ship can carry 11 times as many dehydrated eggs as ordinary eggs. You may get your next dish of ice cream in the form of a little square tablet, too.

Grenade Signals

The Chemical Warfare Service has worked out a new kind of grenade that gives with colored smoke for signalling. They beat signal pistols and rockets for daylight signalling all hollow because they are more readily seen and throw off a cloud of dense, brilliantly-colored or black smoke. Surrounded troops can use them to indicate what food, medicines or munitions are needed, and observing planes can use them to point out targets to following bombers. They can even be used for giving orders to ground troops from the air.

Iceland Notes

The QM has opened the first G.I. ice cream plant in Iceland. The plant is partly run by four lucky EM with ice-cream and dairy-manufacturing experience in civilian life.

Noncoms from line outfits recently replaced MPs in handling traffic on the dance floor during parties at the Red Cross Recreation Center in Reykjavik. MPs take over as usual in the foyer and outside.

Crash Truck

At opposite poles to the jeep is the Army's latest non-combat vehicle —a giant Diesel-powered truck weighing 52 tons. The monster provides breakdown service for trains. Manned by seven soldiers it speeds to the rail side after a blitz and hoists the engine back on its tracks. The 52-tonner is already in use in North Africa. It has 10 wheels and can traverse the roughest terrain.

Service Flags

Servicemen's families have hung flags in their windows since the beginning of the war, but the custom has just been officially approved by Congress. A blue star represents an individual from an immediate family or member of an organization, such as a school, church or business concern. A gold star, superimposed on a larger blue star, an individual killed. Instead of separate stars, numerals beneath a star may be used to indicate the number of persons represented. Manufacturers must have a license to sell the flags.

G.I. Shop Talk

A deadly black widow spider is kept at the Army's precision instrument shop at Columbus, Ohio, to spin its web for the hair sights used in surveying instruments. . . . Training aids: archery, at Kirtland Field Advanced Flying School, Albuquerque, N. Mex., to teach pilots judgment, timing and accuracy; skiing for sailors at Farragut Training Station, Idaho, "as a great help to physical welfare." . . . Shoe rationing applies to dogfaces but they are not required to have ration books. Dress shoes may be purchased at stores or the PX by means of certificates obtainable from the CO. . . . The QM depot at Columbus, Ohio, performs the miracle of assembling and shipping equipment for a 1,000-bed hospital, including operating tables, refrigerators and power plants, in 24 hours. The shipment fills 40 freight cars.

"Land of the Sinking Sun"

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Whoa, Adolf!

Don't call your horse Adolf Hitler, is the substance of a decree just issued by Gestapo boss Heinrich Himmler and picked up by the BBC. The order refers to a recent practice in Germany of naming domestic animals after Nazi big shots. Adolf Hitler seems to be the popular choice for horses, though in Bavaria a farmer was arrested for calling his prize ox Hermann Goering.

So They're Free

Don't look now, but the Philippines are free. At least that's what Premier Hideko Tojo told the 81st Imperial Diet in Tokyo, according to Berlin Radio. The Philippines deserve their freedom, said Hon. Tojo, because "they understand the true meaning of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." Filipinos please note.

Hen-House Treason

The revolt against the New Order in Norway has spread to the chicken coop, as indicated by the following story: A Norwegian farmer who owned 30 hens was ordered to deliver their eggs to Gestapo headquarters. Two weeks later he wrote the Gestapo: "Your order was posted in the hen-house, so that the hens themselves could see it. When, in spite of this, they refused to lay, I had them shot for sabotage against the Third Reich."

The Kids Play in Warsaw

In the rubble of Warsaw, when the Gestapo isn't looking, Polish kids play a new game. They split up into two sides; half of them line up against a wall, and the other half, using sticks for guns, shoot them down. Only trouble is, all the kids want to play on the side getting shot.

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China's New Fighting Man

Stilwell's American noncoms streamline Chiang Kai-Shek's veterans with latest U. S. weapons and training methods.

A class in the nomenclature of the Bren gun with Sgt. Matt Nowack directing. Chinese interpreter at his right. Chinese characters designate each part on the table.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—An entire company of Chinese soldiers, all veterans of the Burma campaign, are in prone position on the firing line with slings adjusted and rifle sights leveled on the bullseye 200 yards away. At the command *"Tzahn tzu day!"*, they load and lock; then comes the command of *"Kai szzz hsieh chi!"* and a volley of hot lead whistles toward the target.

But it isn't the concussion that rocks and startles your eardrums. It's the distinct Southern accent wrapped around those firing commands—barked out in near-perfect Chinese sing-song by Sgt. Johnnie R. Barnes. Late of Powellville, N. C., Barnes is now one of a cadre of strictly G. I. Americans who are serving as instructors at this Chinese-American training center where Uncle Joe Stilwell is grooming a Chinese force to go back in Burma and kick hell out of the Japs.

This All-American cadre, recruited from camps all over the U. S., was sent to India several months ago to train Chinese soldiers in the use of American weapons and equipment. Oddly enough, the "pupils" had experience that made their "teachers" look like rookies in comparison; most of them were veterans of Chinese divisions who had trekked across the mountainous jungle into India when Burma fell.

But the Chinese had little, if any, experience with modern weapons, particularly field artillery pieces. Nor had any of them ever had live ammunition for practice. So, with weapons and supplies furnished China under the U. S. lend-lease agreement, Uncle Joe Stilwell's picked force of American noncoms started teaching the Chinese how to use their new equipment.

The instruction starts with romanization of the weapons and equipment, which simply means teaching the nomenclature in Chinese. That is followed by interior school instruction which includes sighting, aiming, loading, care and cleaning of weapon, triangulation, tripod drill and other phases of small weapons training together with zeroing, assembly, disassembly and maintenance of the field artillery pieces. Then comes the range work where the Chinese put their training to the test with live ammunition.

It's on the range that the American noncoms get the chance to spout forth most of their Chinese. The interior school instruction is so involved that Chinese interpreters are assigned to each class to relay the more detailed instructions to the pupils. But out on the range, the G. I.s from Carolina, Tennessee and Brooklyn really exercise their newly-acquired Chinese linguistics. Here's the sequence of rifle fire commands as Sgt. Barnes or S/Sgt. Felix Southerland, the senior instructor from Charlotte, Tenn., shout 'em out when it's time to get ready on the right, ready on the left, and ready on the firing line:

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"Tao pi day" (adjust slings). *"Wo dah"* (get in position!). *"Tzahn tzu day"* (load and lock rifles). *"Kai szzz hsieh chi!"* (commence firing).

When the rapid fire time is up, Southerland hollers *"Ting tzzz hsieh chi!"* which is "Cease firing!" Then he gives the commands *"Tzahn chi lai!"* (get up!), and *"Kan bao!"* (mark targets!)

Chinese with an American accent is also the order of the day on the artillery ranges where U. S. noncoms are teaching veterans of the Burma campaign how to handle their newly-acquired 105-mm howitzers, 75-mm pack howitzers and 37-mm antitank guns. The same holds true with instructions in the Browning machine gun, tommy gun, Brenn gun, 60-mm mortars, bayonet and hand-grenade drill.

The camp's two most fluent Chinese speakers are S/Sgt. Bill Engel, a former Social Security Commission clerk from Bayonne, N. J., and Sgt. Bill Rowe, an ex-milkman from Durham, N. C. They are the "prize students" at the Chinese language classes, conducted three nights a week by English-speaking Chinese, which all American noncoms must attend.

Engel, who is in charge of field artillery radio communications, is teaching the Chinese the intricacies of field radios and battalion transmitters.

Most of his pupils have had experience on the home-made radio and telephone equipment improvised by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's army so they catch on fast with the more modern American equipment. Engel converses with them easily in Chinese and they get a big kick out of teaching him new words to add to his already-polished military vocabulary. Bill's stock Chinese call-up to one of his pupils goes thusly:

"A wo shih B" (meaning "A from B") That's followed by this bit of tongue-twisting:

"Hsien tsai wo yao ho ni chang hua wo ti hsing yee hao bu hao ching hui dah." All of which reduced to English means: "Reporting into the net. What is my readability? Answer."

Sgt. Rowe's old customers back on his milk route in Durham would really be surprised to hear him giving his machine gun class a little close order drill. Here's how Bill sounds off in all-inclusive training.

"Gee ho" (fall in). *"Lee jen"* (attention). *"Shan yo kan chien"* (eyes right). *"Bah so"* (count off). *"Shan tzo drehn"* (left face). *"Shan ho drehn"* (about face). *"Tze bu tzo"* (forward march). *"Yo drahn wan tzo"* (column right). *"Pao bu joe"* (double time). *"Lee den"* (halt). *"Shan yo drehn"* (right face). *"Tzo shio"* (left dress). *"Shan chien kan"* (eyes front). *"Sow shi"* (at ease). *"Lee jen"* (attention!). *"Gai sahn"* (dismissed).

But infantry and artillery instruction is not the only phase of training at this base which was formerly a British concentration camp for Italian and German prisoners of war. Classes in chemical warfare, bridge building, demolition, visual signaling, telephonic communication, truck driving, automotive mechanics, veterinary and field hospitalization are other important parts of the all-inclusive training.

The horseshoeing and truck driving classes are the most novel of the lot. At the former class, S/Sgt. Carl W. Zingg, of East Orange, N. J., and Sgt. Leonard Hall, of Bronxville, N. Y., give the Chinese pack howitzer soldiers inside tips on horses and their care that they learned themselves while members of crack "society soldier" units—New Jersey's 102nd Cavalry and New York's 101st Cavalry Regiment—back in the States.

In the classes conducted at the motor school, Chinese who never drove anything more complicated than a rickshaw are learning to repair, drive and handle lumbering GMC 6x6 army trucks in convoy on remarkably short instruction. The main problem with the truck drivers is getting Chinese with legs long enough to reach the accelerator. Rear pillows are also provided for some to push them up closer to the steering wheel. T/Sgt. Richard Zettwock, of New York City, is the senior noncom in charge of the maintenance classes while M/Sgt. Ebie Goodwin, of Rockingham, N. C., teaches driving.

A varied athletic program and an obstacle course are other parts of the training given the Chinese soldiers to put them back in proper physical condition. Boxing, track, basketball and soccer classes are conducted by Sgt. Claude (Lefty) Williams, of Dallas, Tex., former pitching ace of the Baton Rouge (La.) Club in the East Dixie Baseball League, and Dara Singh, an Indian Sikh who is a former pro boxer.

Some day when the time is ripe, this Chinese Army is going back into Burma en route to its Jap-occupied homeland. A lot of hell will pop loose for the Japs when Uncle Joe leads this veteran, well-equipped force back to avenge the drubbing he frankly admitted last May.

When you read in the communiques how a Chinese-manned 105-mm knocked out a Jap railhead, credit an assist to guys like M/Sgt. Wilber D. Chambers, of Ennis, Tex., and Sgt. Durwood McGhay, of Marion, Kans. Don't forget that S/Sgt. Sam Carmell, of Dorchester, Mass., is the invisible member of the 60-mm mortar "double-play" combination that blasts hell out of a Jap machine-gun nest. And remember the men behind the men behind that Chinese 37-mm antitank gun that blows a Jap tank to bits are really a couple of G. I.s named S/Sgt. Paul V. Meany, of Boston, Mass., and S/Sgt. Martin W. Rushing, of Bruceton, Tenn.

They're just some more of the All-American cadre who have one main thing in common with their Chinese pupils. The Chinese have words for it—and every G. I. over here knows the expression backwards and forwards.

It's *"Wo men ti ti jen shih jih pen kuo"*: "Our enemy is Japan."

Sgt. Claude Williams, of Dallas, Tex., conducts a class in visual signaling.

Chinese Maj. C. C. Lee, ex-professor, teaches his language to American noncoms.

2nd Lt. C. F. Choate trains 105-mm howitzer crew.

Daily 12-mile practice march for pack train soldiers.

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POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U.S.A.

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

Camp Upton, N. Y.

"Former business associates or not, no visitors allowed."

The Kid in Lower D

I HAVE the worst bed in Co. D. No, wait—the bed itself is all right; it's just that it's in the worst place in Co. D.

If my barracks has the most unfortunate location in the company area—and it has—and my bed holds the worst spot in the barracks, you can see how it adds up.

The barracks is the structure closest to the mess hall and the company orderly room; the bed is the nearest to the door of said barracks. It is this combination of proximities that has been the bane of my army life.

Here's what happens: Every night the mess sergeant decides at 9 o'clock that he is behind in his work and he goes out to impress a relief KP into servitude. He saunters out of the mess hall and enters the nearest barracks; he points the finger at the first man he sees. I am reading or writing a letter to mother. I am a very quiet, self-effacing person but I do not escape his notice. How can I?

He lends sound effects to the already too eloquent finger.

"Out to the kitchen," he says.

Out I go.

Similarly, the charge of quarters at the orderly room accounts for my Sundays and afternoons off. He is always popping out to find someone to police the company area, to mop a floor or two, or to shovel some coal. And the CQ does his seeking close to home.

Between him and the mess sergeant the problem of my leisure time is eliminated. They contrive to keep me a very busy man. I think there must be some agreement between them, for they never conflict.

They never call when I am out, but let me step close to my bed and footlocker, and I am a dead pigeon. It is the kitchen or diving for cigarette butts for the next two hours.

For some time I struggled against this strange circumstance of location. I hid further down the barracks room, even went upstairs. I lurked about the library and PX until lights out. It was no use; for just the moment I ducked in to get something, the blow would fall.

I tried staying under the bed. It worked one night; the second night the mess sergeant ferreted me out.

"What the hell are you doing under there?" he hollered.

I've just about given up the struggle. I stand by now each day awaiting the call, sadly resigned.

It must be fate, my having the worst bed in Co. D. Gosh, when will I become a corporal or something?

—Pvt. LAWRENCE FEIGENBAUM

Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Fort Monmouth, N.J.

Cpl John Bonoway

SICK CALL

SICK CALL is something that soldiers go on. More soldiers go on sick call than civilians on busses. The only thing that a soldier needs to go on sick call is a temperature over 90 degrees or a brilliant excuse. Soldiers who have KP one day and a date in town the next are most generally afflicted.

The gentleman at the right dropped a lead pencil on his foot and was rushed to the dispensary in great pain, where he told the M.D. that a chunk of lead fell on his foot. The M.D. diagnosed the case as lead in the pants and is taking corrective measures, as is indicated by the bottle of castor oil.

Amateurs who persist in going on sick call are assigned a permanent spot in the latrine and are frequent guests.

Thermometers are shoved in everyone's mouth, regardless of ailment. Fellows that go on sick call because they have a back that doesn't ache, or a toothache that doesn't hurt, or athlete's foot that they don't have, all wind up with a glass stem in their mouths. Some dispensary orderlies are so skillful that they toss thermometers in mouths from across the room. All good javelin tossers are trained in hospitals or dispensaries.

The two most common ailments that afflict soldiers are KP and P and P. Extensive research is now going on to determine why men who were in perfect health throughout their civilian lives suddenly come down with every illness once they get into the Army. There was a fellow down in Keesler Field who bragged that he had never been on sick call. When the doctors heard about it they rushed him straight to the hospital, and he turned out to be the only genuine case that had come along since the Selective Service Act was put into effect.

—Sgt. ALLAN KLEINWAKS

Hawaii

A G.I. WOLF

If he parks his little flivver
Down beside a moonlit river
And you feel he's all aquiver—
Then baby, he's a wolf.

If he says you're gorgeous looking
And your dark eyes set him cooking
But your eyes ain't where he's looking—
Then baby, he's a wolf.

If he says that you're an eyeful
But his hands begin to trifle
And his heart pumps like a rifle—
Then baby, he's a wolf.

If by chance when you are kissin'
You can feel his heart a missin'
And you talk but he won't listen—
Then baby, he's a wolf.

If his arms are strong as sinew
And he stirs the gypsy in you
And you want him close agin' you—
Then baby, *you're* the wolf.

Sent in by Pvt. EDWIN L. BROOKS

Will Rogers Field, Okla.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES

CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY

White king on 28 moves to 32. Black moves 27 to 31. Forced!

White king on 9 moves to 13 (the ambush). Black moves 26 to 30. Forced!

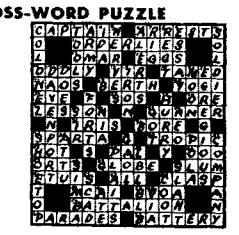
White piece on 29 moves to 25. Black *must* move either one of his Kings out to square 26. It doesn't matter which King because . . .

White next moves his checker on 25 to square 22. Black must jump from 25 to 17.

White King jumps 13 to 22, tying up Black completely.

WHITE WINS! Pretty, eh?

G.I. CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



SQUARE SHOOTIN'

Elk. Bat. Cat. Rat. Doe. Dog. Hog. Pig. Yak! Cow. Ox. Fox. Bear. Boar. Deer. Crab. Ibex. Stag. Wolf. Tiger.

GOLF-LOG

JEEP. 1. JEER. 2. BEER. 3. BEAR. 4. BEAD. 5. BEND. 6. BAND. 7. BANK. 8. TANK.

GENERAL MIXUP

1. Theodore Roosevelt. 2. Ulysses Simpson Grant. 3. George Washington. 4. Woodrow Wilson. 5. Warren Gamaliel Harding. 6. Abraham Lincoln. 7. John Adams. 8. James Monroe. 9. Grover Cleveland. 10. Andrew Jackson.

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SPORTS: KENTUCKY DERBY BECOMES STREET-CAR CLASSIC AS COL. WINN KEEPS ITS 69-YEAR RECORD UNBROKEN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Col. Matt Winn keeps faith with a cherished tradition.

COL. MATT WINN, who is 81 years old and strictly from sentiment, is going to have his Kentucky Derby even if no one shows up but the Colonel and a couple of horses.

When the Colonel heard that Mr. Eastman, of the office of Defense Transportation, was going to padlock his horse race, he cut loose with some fine southern saber rattling, the likes of which haven't been heard since Fort Sumter. It takes an old firebrand like Col. Winn to arouse a countryside. He will fight at the drop of a mint julep.

The first thing he did was to get Mr. Eastman on the phone.

"This is Col. Winn," he announced.

"Oh, yes, Col. Winn," Mr. Eastman said. "How are your troops?"

"I haven't any troops," the Colonel explained. "I've got horses."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Eastman said. "You're the man with that Kentucky horse race I closed down just recently. The answer is still no."

"No?" shouted the Colonel. "Why I ran this race 25 years before there were any automobiles and I can still do it."

The Colonel watched his first Derby from the back seat of his father's wagon, and he's prepared to see this one from a wagon, too. He's even willing to take $100,000 licking at the gate. Anything to keep the Derby's record string of 69 years unbroken.

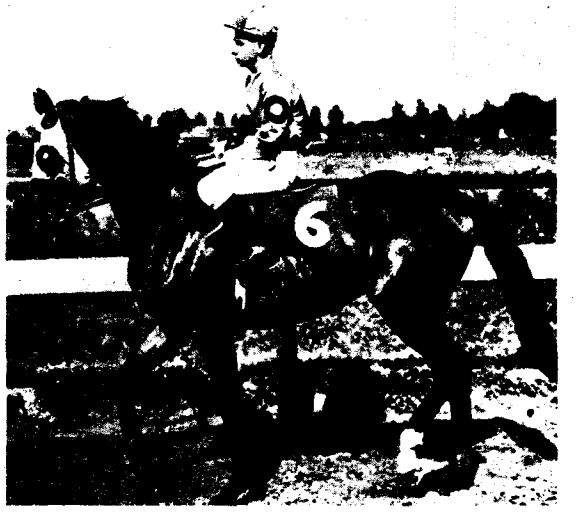
If the Old Man is willing to lose that kind of dough just to keep faith with a cherished tradition, then Mr. Eastman is willing to let him have his horse race. The Colonel will avoid any conflict with the ODT by turning his Derby into strictly a street-car classic. Not a drop of gasoline will be involved.

It will be a Don't-Speak-To-The-Jockey Derby. Bookies will operate up and down the trolley aisles with conductor change boxes strapped to their belts. Bets will be taken right then and there.

This Step-To-The-Rear-Of-The-Horse Derby will also restore the horse to his rightful place in the world. From the window of your trolley you will see that even the Derby candidates have been pressed into service. They will carry C cards and signs reading: CAUTION. SUDDEN STOP. AIR BRAKES OR VICTORY SPEED—35 MILES PER HOUR. You will know these Derby hopefuls by their owners. The Warren Wrights will make the three-mile trip from downtown Louisville astride their entry, Ocean Wave, and Mr. and Mrs. Hertz will be up on Count Fleet.

Mr. Eastman has shown a deep interest in the Derby all along. Just recently he asked Col. Winn: "Are you sure this Count Fleet can't lose?"

"I'm not sure of anything," the Colonel said. "But I know there's nothing wrong with him. He won the Wakefield Stakes, the Pimlico Futurity, the Champagne and the Walden as a two-year-old. He also ran the fastest



Count Fleet, the winter book favorite.

mile ever turned in by a two-year-old in the Champagne Stakes. Take it from me, Mr. Eastman, he's a fine, robust hay-burner, but he'll have some good horses in there with him."

"How good?" asked Mr. Eastman.

"Mighty good," the Colonel said. "There's a horse named Occupation who has beaten Count Fleet twice as a two-year-old. He's a doubtful starter now, but if he goes he will bear watching. Blue Swords will be ready and you will want to watch him, too. Of course, Ocean Wave is in there and so is Devil's Thumb and Slide Blue. All good horses, they all bear watching."

"Thank you, Colonel. You have been very helpful. I will go out and place my bets now," Mr. Eastman said.

"That's fine, Mr. Eastman, but who are you going to bet on?" the Colonel asked.

"This Bear Watching. He sounds great," Mr. Eastman said.

Pvts. Durocher and DiMaggio, of the Army of the United States

THE UMPS GET A BREAK as Lippy Leo Durocher, the Dodger Skipper, is shifted to 1-A on the selective service rolls. He passed his physical examination and is headed for induction sometime this month.

"FIRST PEACE OF MIND in a year" came to Joe DiMaggio as he took his soldier's oath at the San Francisco Induction Center. Joe held a 3-A classification, but volunteered to play on a greater Yankee team.

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